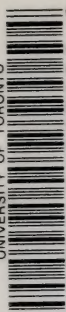


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SONGS *of* CY WARMAN





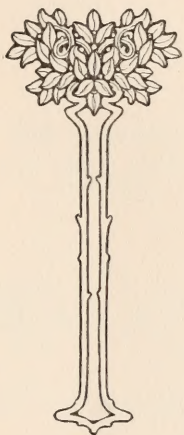
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To
VONDA MARIE WARMAN
WITH THE FULL TIDE
OF A FATHER'S LOVE

SONGS

of

CY WARMAN



Published by
RAND AVERY CO., BOSTON
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Songs

SAPHO

Soul of Sapho! if to-night,
 When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright;
 If I sing, and if you hear,
From your island in the sea,
 Soul of Sapho, signal me.

Soul of Sapho! they have said
 That your hair, tho' not of gold,
Made a halo for your head;
 And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. O! from the sea,
 Soul of Sapho, speak to me.

Soul of Sapho, awake, awake,
 Wake and tune your harp again;
While the foaming billows break
 Let your song sweep o'er the main;
From your island in the sea,
 Soul of Sapho, sing to me.

WHEN THE DARK COMES DOWN

Queen of my heart, when the dark comes down,
When the lingering light in the red, warm west
Glow faintly and fades over tower and town,
A new light burns in my happy breast.
I know it is morning wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart!

Queen of my heart, when the day is drear,
And I take my scourge for the deeds I've done,
The dark clouds scatter when you draw near,
A rainbow smiles on the setting sun.
There's always a rainbow wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart!

Queen of my heart, when the roses die,
And the low winds waltz with the eddying leaves,
We know a happiness, you and I,
Though the raindrops drip from the drooping
leaves.
I know it is summer, wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart!

WHEN SHE SINGS

When she sings the song birds listen,
While the pearly dewdrops glisten
 On the hedge and on the hawthorn,
 Trembling, poised on outspread wings;
And at night the moon swings nearer,
And the stars are hushed to hear her,
 E'en the nightingale is silent,
 Awed and silent when she sings.

When she sings the withered grasses
Catch the low wind as it passes,
 Whispering, hush, and hushing hearken
 While the dread of death takes wings;
And the summer roses, dying,
Smile one last sweet smile, and sighing,
 Fold in peace their perfumed petals,
 Soothed and solaced, when she sings.

WHEN THE COWS ARE COMING HOME

Come, my love, and let us wander
'Cross the hills and over yonder;
 We shall find the tangled trails we used to
 roam;
Where the distant sea was moaning
And the honey bees were droning
 In the twilight when the cows were coming
 home.

Hear the tingle, tingle, tangle of the bells,
As they dingle on the downs and in the dells;
 O'er the meadow in the gloam
 See the cows are coming home;
Hear the dingle, dongle, dangle of the bells.

O, the sweet forget-me-never,
I should like to live forever,
 Never more than two months either way from
 June;
Where the cherry blooms were falling
And the silver bells were calling
 Through the twilight of a summer's afternoon.

THE SAD SEA

“What makes the sea so sad, mother?”

Whispered a little child.

“Why do the billows sigh and break,
And why are the waves so wild?”

“The rivers run down to the sea
With all their grief, my lad,
And flood the sea with their misery,
And that’s why the sea is sad.

“The Hudson goes with Gotham’s woes,
And Paris chokes the Seine;
The Danube blue and the dark Thames, too,
All hurrying to the main;
Losing the song of the running rill,
But keeping all that’s bad,
They flood the sea with their misery,
And that’s why the sea is sad.”

YOU, LOVE

(*A Duet*)

“When the rose in the East shows the long night
is gone” —

“I wake and watch for you.”

“When you open your eyes, love, to welcome
the dawn” —

“Darling, they look for you.”

“Through the long summer day, in the sun’s
golden gleam,

When the night shadows fall and the silver stars
beam,

When you lie a-sleeping, of whom do you
dream?”

“Darling, of you, of you.”

CHORUS

Of you, love, my true love,
When bright stars are beaming,
Of you I am dreaming,
Of you, love, my true love,
My darling, of you, of you.

“If you had but one life to live, where would you
live?”

“Love, I would live near you.”

“Had the gods but one gift, what would you
have them give?”

“O, I would ask for you.”

“If you had the wings of a dove, would you
breast

The wind of the East or the wind of the West,
And when you're a-weary, O, where would you
rest?”

“Darling, near you, near you.”

CHORUS

Near you, love, my true love,
And when I am weary
Of wandering, my dearie,
Near you, love, my true love,
My darling, near you, near you.

HAPPY FOLKS

Lucky beggars of Barbados,
Have no trouble — wear no clothes;
Want a banquet, they build a dish
Of sweet potatoes and flying fish;
And that I reckon's the reason why
The girls are sweet and the boys are fly.

INDIANA

Hear the boastful bugles screaming high above
the rolling cheers,
See the Hoosier Gov'ner beaming on his valiant
volunteers;

While beneath a spreading chestnut, where the
somber shadows lie,
A soldier and his sweetheart say good-bye.
"Forget? I'll ne'er forget you, love, and you'll
forget me not,
Because I'll never let you in the land that God
forgot."

Now he vows with lifted gauntlet: "By the stars
that stud the blue,
I'll be faithful to my country and to you."

"I'll come back to Indiana when this wicked war
is o'er,
I'll come back to Indiana and I'll leave you,
love, no more;
We shall walk and talk together here beneath
our native sky,
I'll come back to Indiana, by-and-by."

We were scouting in an island on a summer's
afternoon,
In that windless hush that harbingers the trop-
ical typhoon,

When we walked into an ambuscade and made a
final stand
Where we fought the Filipinos, hand to hand.
I could see our banner streaming, I could hear
the lusty cheers,
I could see our good swords gleaming 'mongst
the foeman's rusty spears;
When a naked, blood-mad 'Pino whipped around
to rear and thrust,
And our valiant Hoosier captain bit the dust.

* * *

"Take me back to Indiana, boys, don't leave me
here to rot
On the bogs and moors and marshes in the land
that God forgot."
Then he lay and stared in silence up against the
steely sky:
"Take me back to Indiana when I die."

(Softly)

"Take me back to Indiana" — he was groping
for our hands.
"Take me back to Indiana — there's a girl in
old Vincennes —
O, it grieves me sore that sorrow soon shall dim
her azure eye;
Take me back to Indiana by-and-by."

CUPID IS KING OF THE SEAS

When the rain falls and the snow palls,
I can still see the sunshine above,
Tho' my sky's drear, in your eyes, dear,
I am reading my rainbow of love.
O'er the dark tides safe my barque rides
For Cupid is King of the Seas;
When the wind cries my heart sighs:
Eloise.

When the gun peals and the sun reels
And the hushed world is holding its breath,
When the horns blare where the slain stare
And the Cannon are bellowing death,
Still our flag streams where the shell screams
For Cupid is King of the Seas.
When the storm dies my heart sighs:
Eloise.

SONG OF A SERENADER

One night beneath my window, when the stars
were bright above

The music of a mandolin, blent with a lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness like the
balmy breath of spring;

I opened up my window-blinds and heard a
singer sing:

“Cupid is an archer, and his arrow’s ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a
falconet;

His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow’s aimed
at you!”

At first I only lingered there to listen for a while.
And thought the singer only sang the hours to
beguile.

My heart began to tremble with the touch of
every string.

I opened wide my window-blinds and heard the
singer sing:

“Cupid is an archer, and his arrow’s ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a
falconet;

His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.

Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed
at you!"

The weary day I'm waiting for the twilight
shades to fall,
And where the tangled woodland waves I hear
the lone dove call.
The song of running brooklets and a thousand
birds a-wing
My eager ears will hear not, when my love begins
to sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a
falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at
you!"

HOW I LOVE HER

Go, laughing, leaping, romping rill,
Go where my love is straying,
And, in the pools when you are still,
Then list to what she's saying;
And with the sunny, summer skies
Of azure arched above her,
Show her her own angelic eyes,
And tell her how I love her.

Go, gentle winds, soft, sighing winds,
Go where my love is sleeping,
And be about her window blinds
And through the curtains creeping;
Weave in the wimples of her hair
The perfume of the clover,
Caress her face, so sweet and fair,
And tell her how I love her.

HEART OF MY HEART

O, darling! the first pale crocus peeps
Through a crack in the crusted snow;
Awake and awaken our love that sleeps,
Our love of the long ago.
And O, my soul, when the world is fair
And sweet with the smell of June:
Ah, little I dreamed you would cease to care —
Heart of my heart so soon.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

The moon looked down on Denver one matchless
summer night

And bathed the earth in splendor, a flood of
silver light

Suffused the hills and valleys, all warp't in sweet
repose;

We wandered near a garden, I mind I smelled
a rose.

We rested in the garden, I and my heart's
delight:

The moon beamed down on Denver that
scented summer night.

The rain came down in Denver one blowy au-
tumn night,

One bleak night in November, and blurred the
tower light.

I told my love a story, the grate glowed warm
and red;

She toyed with her fair fingers, then slowly
shook her head.

She kindly drew her curtain to give my going
light;

Oh, how it rained in Denver that black
November night!

The snow came down in Denver, one windless
winter night,
And robed the earth in splendor, in splendid
robe of white;
I told the same old story, she did not shake her
head,
But toyed with her fair fingers. I took her
hand and said:
“And this pig went to market, and this pig
stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig
had none.”

* * *

Eight years! The snow is falling to-night. Not
far away
I hear a baby calling and hear its mother say:
“And this pig went to market, and this pig
stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig
had none.”
Down past my study window the snow flakes
flutter white,
Just as they did in Denver that windless winter
night.

FORGOTTEN

Far out in the West-land, where the sun goes down,
Dwelt a little maiden in a mountain town.
Oft I used to see her — oft I used to say:
“I will sing a love song to the maid some day.”

Drearly the years dragged; she was very young;
I was much her senior when the song was sung;
Still, I thought a teardrop trembled in her eye
When she stood a-tiptoe kissing me good-by.

Far away I wandered, where the breakers roar,
Where the mighty ships come from a foreign
 shore;
How my poor heart hungered, when the sun
 went down,
For the little maiden in the mountain town.

Years: the city lured me with a thousand
 charms,
And I soon grew weary of my idle arms.
Myriads of maidens, hair of golden brown —
I forgot the maiden in the mountain town.

Wretch! how oft her pillow has been wet with
 tears;
How she must have mourned me all these weary
 years!
Sitting with her sorrow 'neath the cedar there,
Weaving little wild flowers in her sunny hair.

Now, her tear-stained face did haunt me so
to-day,
That I turned for surcease to the matinee.
Lo! My mountain maid, with new and sunnier
hair,
Sans her sorrow played as leading lady there.

ALL IS WELL

Slowly my native shore sinks in the sea,
O, must we meet no more, Vonda Marie?
Lo, now life's summer dies
There where my treasure lies;
God give you sunny skies, Vonda Marie.

Slowly the dark ship ploughs deep in the waves,
Over the armored bows Old Ocean laves;
Here comes a screaming shell,
There goes the midnight bell —
God watches — all is well, Vonda Marie.

HERE BELOW

You can talk about your honey-
 Suckle home beyond the sky,
Your sun-kissed over yonder,
 And your blooming by-and-by;
Of the silver waves that warble
 Up against the golden shore;
Of your heathery hereafter,
 And your endless evermore,
But if you've a lot of rapture
 And would like to let it go,
Just sift a little sunshine
 In the shadows here below.

Don't cluster up your kisses
 For my cold and clammy brow.
This life is long and lonely —
 Come and let me feel them now.
It's all right to lay up treasures
 In the realms where they won't rust;
And to figure on the future,
 And to try to put your trust
In Him who made the Universe;
 But it won't hurt, I know,
To sift a little sunshine
 In the shadows here below.

THE JOY OF LOVE

Oh, how I love my love; such laughing eyes --
Sweet, dreamy eyes, like little sun-kist seas,
And face flushed like the west when daylight dies,
Whose breath is like a summer-scented breeze.

Where'er she walks the birds sing in their
bowers,
And mock her voice, melodious and sweet;
She steals the peace and perfume of the flowers
Whose little leaves are crushed beneath her
feet.

'Twas not the beauty of her face alone,
Nor yet her form, my willing heart that stole,
But sweeter still, the light of love that shone
From out her eyes, reflected from her soul.

Long winter nights we watch the glowing grate;
Her low, sweet laugh makes music like the
streams
That flow through forests; when I leave her late
'Tis only to return to her in dreams.

How sweet to love, to have the heart enslaved,
Your future in a woman's hands! What bliss
To know each day life's sweetest sweets are
saved
By woman's soft caress or tender kiss.

If I could pray a prayer that God would hear
And answer, I would ask the powers above,
That all mankind upon this fading sphere
Be once allowed to taste the joy of love.

WE WERE DECEIVED

A wild Juanita, black and tan,
Rode into Wingate on a mule;
Met a Chicago traveling man:
Who told her, as a drummer can,
That she was wildly beautiful.
She smiled, she hoped, she lived! Alas!
She looked into a looking-glass.

"You are a poet," my friend said;
"Your fame has flashed from coast to coast.
You will be read when Riley's dead,
And Field has faded. Yes!" he said,
"If not before. You're Shakespeare's ghost."
But now, I sympathize with her,
The maid; I've seen the publisher.

WOMAN'S SILENCE

'Tain't no use to woo a woman when she thinks
she wants to talk;
'Cause a woman's only human, and you'd better
take a walk
'Till she simmers down and settles; when a
woman's on her ear,
What she has to say in silence is the pleasantest
to hear.

'Tain't no use to try to crowd her, 'cause she's
bound to have her say;
You talk loud, and she'll talk louder; it is best
to break away,
When she's in the upper octaves, better wander
from her view;
For the song she sings in silence is the sweetest
song for you.

But you can coax her and caress her, and she'll
melt and run to you
Like the 'lasses on your pancakes in your boy-
hood used to do.
If you have a sorrow tell her, then just watch
the teardrops fall,
And the sighs she sighs in silence are the saddest
sighs of all.

When you ask a girl to marry, and she hangs on
what you've said,
While your hope hangs on her answer, and the
moon hangs overhead;
When you seem to see the thought she thinks,
and kinder feel her fall,
That's her answer, said in silence, 'tis the sweet-
est word of all.

IT MEANS SO MUCH

Don't think me mercenary, pray,
Because I fain would sell this rhyme,
Or any rhyme; but every day
When I sit down to write, each time,
I've this assurance, all the while,
'Twill make at least one woman smile.

E'en though it may be hard to guess,
Unless to dally with the muse,
Just why we write; some will excuse
And some will call it meaningless;
But, Oh, it means so much to her,
My golden-haired stenographer.

LITTLE PAPOOSE

Little papoose in a wicker of reed,
Under the willow bough swings,
Catching the music where over the mead
Rippling the rivulet sings.
Sings where the fairest of flowers are found,
Sings where the summer is all the year around,
Here where the beauties of nature abound,
Rippling the rivulet sings.

REFRAIN

Swing, swing, little papoose,
Gitchie will mind you
Swing, swing, little papoose
Mitchie won't find you,
Swing, swing, little papoose,
Husha, my brown baby, swing.

Agate and onyx and malachite beads,
Plata that's ribboned and rolled;
Mocassins made from the bark of the reeds,
Glittering garters of gold.
Catching the sound with his delicate ear,
Catching the croon when his mother is near.
Hearing the hoofs of the galloping deer,
Bounding away o'er the wolde.

LITTLE WILD GOOSE

A wild goose lit in the Lake of Bays, lighter than
the floating foam;

She swam around for days and days looking for
a summer home.

She found a place and she made a nest,
Screened from the wind of the wide North
West

And she warmed her eggs with eider breast,
Cosy little summer home.

A grey goose gave her things to eat, gathered
from the floating foam;

She gave him love and life was sweet, mating
in their summer home.

And there they lived as man and wife
And nothing knew of care or strife,
'Till beneath her breast she felt new life
Waking in her summer home.

The baby geese began to swim, floating on the
floating foam;

Just little laps from her to him, — happy little
summer home.

But one of them got up to fly
And he soared away to the sunny sky,
Then the mother goose began to cry:
“O! little wild goose, come home.”

He bathed his back in the summer sun, high up
in the azure dome,

Above a bad man with a gun — “O! little wild
goose, come home.”

He raised his voice and he tried to sing

Such a quaint crude song, poor little thing!

Then tumbled down with a broken wing,

“O! little wild goose, come home.”

The mother wild goose saw him fall and flutter in
the floating foam;

The wounded wild goose heard her call, “O!
little wild goose, come home.”

He knew which way he ought to go

And he tried to swim, but he swam so slow,

For the wounded wing now pained him so,

“O! little wild goose, come home.”

The wild goose soared across the lake, high above
the floating foam;

It seemed to her her heart would break; “O!
little wild goose, come home.”

Then the baby caught his mother's tail

And across the lake the two set sail;

Thus towed he rode with a Gitche gale

And the little wild goose went home.

She folded up his wounded wing, floating on the
floating foam;
And said, "Don't cry, poor little thing, little
wild goose is home."
And when the baby goose could stand
And flap his wings on the shifting sand,
He soared away to a sunny land,
And the little wild goose went home.

THE SEA

If I had too much money, money that I couldn't
use,
I'd spring a new philanthropy that would be
joyful news
To seven million babies (if such a thing might be)
Whom I'd round up and I'd lead down to the sea,
And let them cool their kick-kicks in the sea.

And with them all lined up there and holding
hand to hand,
Their happy faces shining like sunlight on the
sand;
Angels would ope their windows (if such a thing
might be)
To see so many, sinless, by the sea
And watch them cool their kick-kicks in the
sea.

THE LONG HARD HILL

They were standing in the sunlight
Of the summer time of life;
She was still without a husband,
He was waiting for a wife.
And her cheeks were rich and rosy
And her lips were luscious red,
So he pressed her dimpled fingers
As he looked at her and said,
As they stood there in the heather
Where the road had crossed the rill:
“May we not fare together
Up this long, hard hill?”

Now her hand began to tremble
And her eyes were full of tears
As she trained them on the road that
Wound away among the years;
But she had no voice to answer
Him; she could not understand,
For the future lay before her
Like a far-off fairy land.
There was sunlight on the heather,
There was music in the rill,
As they went away together
Up the long, hard hill.

Oftentimes the way was sunny,
Other times 'twas full of lures,
But the love that had come to them
Was the true love that endures.
Though the bony brow is wrinkled,
Though the raven lock be gray,
Yet the road might have been rougher
Had she gone the other way.
Now the frost is on the heather
And the snow is on the rill,
And they're coasting down the short side
Of the long, hard hill.

A COUNTRY TOWN

I like the freedom of a country town,
The air and the open of the country;
You can tell when the sun goes up and down
Out in the God-made country.
The creeks are clear and the skies are blue,
The hearts of the people are kind and true
An' folks do just as they want to do,
Folks that are livin' in the country.

I like the color of a country town,
Almost the color of the country;
Farmer's wife in a country gown,
Bringin' in things from the country.
Water-melons an' sweet nut-megs,
Country butter an' country eggs,
Country girls an' chickens with plump hard legs,
All comin' in from the country.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE

The Irishman, Dutchman and Frenchman in me
Are always contending — their purposes cross;
Wherever I journey there journey the three,
Each claiming predominant right to be boss
Of the big job of Life; they cannot agree,
This Irishman, Dutchman and Frenchman in me.

Says the Dutchman: "Get up once and harvest
the hay
Before the sunshines — would you be yet a
tramp
For the rest of your life? There will come a wet
day;
Put something aside." The Hibernian scamp,
Says, tugging my sleeve, with a wink of his eye:
"Be 'asy — ye're Irish — ye'll always be dhry."

"*Par ici*," the Frenchman calls, leading the way,
We walk where the South Wind is cradling
Spring.
We paint pleasant pictures the long Summer day,
And gather primroses, and loiter and sing.
And so, we do nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
This Irishman, Dutchman and Frenchman in me.

CLICKETY CLICK

Clickety click! as out of town
The engine picks her way;
Where barefoot children, sunburnt brown,
In dusty alleys play.
All the summer, early and late,
And in the autumn drear,
A maiden stands at the orchard gate,
And waves at the engineer.

He likes to look at her face so fair,
And her homely country dress;
She likes to look at the man up there
At the front of the fast express.
Clickety click! though miles apart,
To her he is always near,
And she feels the click of her happy heart
For the heart of the engineer.

Over the river and down the dell,
Beside the running stream,
She hears the clang of the engine-bell —
The whistle's startled scream.
Clickety click! An open switch —
Onward the engine flies.
Clickety click! They're in the ditch!
Oh, angels! hide her eyes!

Clickety click, and down the track
The train will dash to-day;
But what of the ribbons of white and black
The engine wears away;
Clickety click! Oh, worlds apart —
The maiden hangs her head.
There is no click in the maiden's heart —
The engineer is dead.

HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP

Nature is sinking to peaceful repose,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Sweetly the dewdrop's asleep on the rose,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Heaven shield father wherever he be,
Whether on land or the billowy sea,
And bring him back to his baby and me —
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

Lightly the ripples play over the rill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Singing the wild rose to sleep on the hill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Softly the katydid sings in the vines,
Up from the lowlands the murmuring winds
Steal through the stillness to play with the
pines —
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

THE LAND OF ANNIE LAURIE

Where the mists of London come not
To obscure the Scottish sky;
Where they call a maid a "Lassie,"
And they all say "dee" for die;
In my hands I hold the heather,
And my feet are in the ferns
Of the Land of Annie Laurie
And the home of Bobbie Burns.

Now I put the hills behind me,
And o'er the ocean gray,
I gaze out toward the Occident
With tear-wet eyes to-day;
To earth's mainland — America —
My tired spirit turns
From the Land of Annie Laurie,
And the home of Bobbie Burns.

CONSTANCY

When the ringdove is calling
 Down the woodland, little darling,
When the hills have turned green
 And all nature is new;
When the gentle rain, falling
 O'er this good land, little darling,
Makes the old earth grow glad,
 Then my heart yearns for you.

When the brown birds are winging
 O'er the moorland, little darling,
And the gray gulls are blown
 With the mist o'er the blue,
Then I long for the warm clasp
 Of your hand, little darling;
When this old earth seems sad,
 Then my heart yearns for you.

ASHES

Alone, on the birdless barrens,
Alone by a southern sea,
The ghosts of the days that have vanished
Come scurrying back to me.

Then a face on my memory flashes
Like the flash of a falling star,
When I'm flicking the fading ashes
From the end of a good cigar.

Life's spring, with its buds of promise,
Life's summer, with rose of June;
But the buds, they burst so early,
And the roses die o'er soon.

A rustle of silk and laces,
The wind of a passing car,
Then gray are the once glad faces,
Like the ash of my good cigar.

MORNING ON THE YUKON

'Twas morning on the Yukon :
 The Yukon winds were fair.
Sunshine in the maiden's eyes ;
 Sunlight on her hair :
Sunlight on the ripples,
 Where the White Horse rapids roll.
They found a broken toll-gate,
 And the maiden paid the toll.

The gate had been abandoned.
 To the man 'twas not amiss.
He fixed the rate of tollage,
 And the maiden paid a kiss.
The sunlight kissed the ripples,
 Where the White Horse rapids roll,
Beside the broken toll-gate,
 Where the maiden paid the toll.

He plucked a bunch of wild flowers,
 And matched them with her eyes :
He matched them with her ribbon,
 And matched them with the skies.
A willow arched the pathway.
 He whispered, "O, my soul,
The fairies made this toll-gate,
 And the maiden paid the toll.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE

(*After Hiene*)

I stooped and wrote upon the sand
Along the shore, with trembling hand,
These words that she might understand:
 Agnes, I love thee.

I watched the gentle waves wash o'er
These lines that lay upon the shore,
And leave them fairer than before:
 Agnes, I love thee.

And so our love, from day to day
Grew stronger, better every way,
Until at last I dared to say:
 Agnes, I love thee.

Alas, the sea got full one day
And came ashore and washed away
These lines that near the water lay:
 Agnes, I love thee.

I climbed upon a mountain high,
Plucked a charred snag, wrote on the sky,
Above the waters high and dry:
 Agnes, I love thee.

"I'd like to see some sloppy sea,"
Said I, "slide up this canopy
And monkey with my motto, see?
 Agnes, I love thee."

WHOM DO YOU LOVE?

“Whom do you love, my love?” she said,
As I bent my face above her;
And I tried to calm her and held her head,
And again in the same sweet voice she said:
“Whom do you love, my lover?”

“Look in your heart to-night and see
If there is a shadow in it,
A shadow of a thought that is not of me,
And tell me truly if there should be —
Whom do you love this minute?”

“Whom do you love?” — and her trembling hand
Left wandering caresses
Upon my face, and all the land
Was lit with love, and the night wind fanned
Her brow and shook her tresses.

“A woman’s love is a priceless prize,
And if you should want to win it” —
And again I looked and to my surprise,
I saw two tears in her deep, dark eyes:
“Whom do you love this minute?”

“Whom do you love?” — and I caught the swell
Of her breast her grief had given,
And I touched her lips, and I smelled the smell
Of the passion flower and the Asphodel,
And earth was changed to heaven.

“To me there’s just one world, my dear,
And just two people in it,
And now to-night as we stand here
And I hold your hand have not a fear,
For I love you every minute.”

THE COLUMBINE

Sweet Marie, here’s a columbine,
The summer can surely spare it.
See! Here’s a delicate twig to twine,
To braid in this beautiful hair of thine.
Sweet Marie, here’s a columbine —
Take it, my queen, and wear it!

Waved by the wind in the summer time;
Wet by the summer showers;
Blown in the balm of this beautiful clime,
Over our heads where the hills are rime;
Waved by the winds in the summer time —
Fairest of forest flowers.

And I have brought you this flower so fair,
Plucked from the hills above you,
To weave in the waves of your beautiful hair,
Or wear in your breast where the love songs are.
I have brought you this boutonniere —
Take it, because I love you.

OLD RED HOSS MOUNTAIN

I've been to Red Hoss Mountain, where Field
once dwelt and wrote;
I've seen the Place de Casey, but Casey's table
d'hote
Is gone; and so is Casey. A solitary pine
The fires have spared now shadows the Gosh-all-
Hemlock Mine.

There's not a cabin standing, so that a man may say,
"The conversazzhony in this abode held sway."
Aye, everything has perished save earth and sky
and space;
The bard of Red Hoss Mountain is gone to his
own place.

The mines are all abandoned, the rain-washed
trails are dim;
But where are all the people who tramped these
trails with him? [ago,
And where are all the actors he staged here long
When magpies, "like winged shadows, were
fluttering to and fro"?

The trees that made the forest have fallen, one
by one,
Until Old Red Hoss Mountain lies bare beneath
the sun;

Yet, in the deathlike stillness that hangs upon
the air,
I love to sit and fancy I feel his presence there.

Sweet soul! He knew a heartache if e'en a robin
cried,
Then how he must have sorrowed when Martha's
baby died;
When strong, rough men stood weeping who had
not wept for years;
With Martha's heart nigh breaking and Sorry
Tom in tears.

* * *

The brook that sang so "lonesome-like, an' loit-
ered on its way"
Is singing just as softly and lonesome-like to-day.
One pine above the hemlock and just one willow
weeps
Down in the ragged canyon where "Martha's
younket" sleeps.

THE DESERT MAIL

When your feet have strayed from the everglade
 To the shore of a shipless sea, [you're lost
When the bar you've crossed and at length
 In its hushed immensity;
When you search the wild, with a silence piled
 Waist deep, for the desert trail,
There's a distant roar like a sea ashore,
 That's the moan of the desert mail.

Through the racing years there the engineers
 Sit close to the cabin pane,
While they urge their steeds where the white
 trail leads
 Through the land of Little Rain;
Then out behind, on the desert wind,
 Blown back like a bridal veil,
Far, dim and gray like the milky way,
 Floats the dust of the desert mail.

When the gaunt wolves howl where the spirits
 prowl —
 The ghosts of the desert's dead,
And the living, lost, where their trails have crossed
 Mill 'round, while the sun paints red
The western skies, as the long day dies
 And the stars shine dim and pale;
There's a beacon fair on the desert there —
 That's the light of the desert mail.

IT CANNOT BE

The dying lips of a dear friend
At parting spoke to me,
Saying: "Wheresoe'er your path may trend
There ever I shall be.

"Go walk where over Egypt's sand
The burning simoons blow,
Or in Alaska's sunless land,
Your wake my wings shall know.

"When winter nights are long and dark
I'll lead you by the hand,
And when the waves beat on your bark
Will beacon you to land."

He died. I watched his spirit go
Across death's darkening sea:
He came not back, and now I know
Of things that cannot be.

THE EYES OF LIZZETTE

The eyes of Lizzette were like miniature seas,
With ripples that laugh and willows that weep
On the shore; where the low-bending boughs of
the trees

Deepen and soften the shadows that creep
At night, near the water-edge. Can I forget
The far-away, ocean-like eyes of Lizzette?

Dear eyes of Lizzette! I shall see them no more,
They are curtained in sleep — she is gone, she
is gone,
With her beautiful eyes to the evergreen shore;
Death winged her away 'twixt the dusk and
the dawn.

There's a mound on the mountain-side where we
first met,
And the columbine blows o'er the eyes of
Lizzette.

“AND YOU’LL REMEMBER ME”

One evening, as the sun went down
Among the golden hills
And silent shadows, soft and brown
Crept over vales and rills,
I watched the dusky bats a-wing
Dip down the dusky lea;
Hearkening, heard a maiden sing:
“And you’ll remember me.”

“When other lips and other hearts,”
Came drifting through the trees;
“In language whose excess imparts,”
Was borne upon the breeze.
Ah! love is sweet and hope is strong
And life’s a sunny sea,
A woman’s soul is in her song;
“And you’ll remember me.”

Still rippling from the throbbing throat,
With joy akin to pain,
There seemed a tear in every note,
A sob in every strain;
Soft as the twilight shadows creep
Across the listless lea,
The singer sang her love to sleep
With, “You’ll remember me.”

MY LITTLE LOVE

My little love, the livelong day
I've waited, toiled and dreamed
And wondered if I'd meet you here,
And, sweet, at times it seemed
That all my life's light would go out
Into a waste so drear,
If, when the shadows fell about,
I failed to find you here.

Ah, surely there's a lesson
To be learned in love like this;
Naught, save the hand of heaven,
Dear, could bring such boundless bliss.
Not that I love my Maker less;
His world is made more bright
When I can feel your fond caress
As we sit here to-night.

NATURE SONGS

Tyrolian tomcat, every time
 You scale an icy wall,
Know that the higher up you climb
 The further you may fall.

And you, O summer birds, who wing
 The air the summer long,
Know that the merrier you sing
 The more we'll miss your song.

HOSS SENSE

When the pheasant stops his drumming,
When the autumn's cyclone's coming,
 When the gaunt gray wolf of winter is let loose
In the Injin Summer: Sonny,
Wouldn't you give ready money
 For the wings and for the wisdom of a goose?

When the hoss that you are riding
Smells the cinnamon in hiding,
 When he wheels and snorts and gives his head
 a toss,
When he tries so hard to tell you
That the cinnamon can smell you —
 Don't you wish you had the hoss sense of a hoss?

AN ANTIQUE LOVE SONG

My lady fair, with eyes and hair,
 And things to write about,
Elected to play I was going astray,
 She wanted to try me out, out, out;
 She wanted to try me out.

“Our love is dead,” my lady said,
 And toyed with her hands and sighed,
Yet I knew that she knew that my heart was true
 And the beautiful lady lied, lied, lied;
 And the beautiful lady lied.

“The heart of gold will not grow cold,
 Nor tire with time,” I said,
“And the love that is sure will ever endure;
 Nay, darling, our love is not dead, dead,
 dead,
 Nay, darling, our love’s not dead.”

“The love that’s right will still burn bright,
 Tho’ the morning stars grow pale,
And the lover that’s true will sorrow with you,
 And go singing with you to jail, jail, jail,
 And go singing with you to jail.”

LOVE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

In a sequestered spot my love and I,
 Hand clasped in hand, stood dreaming love's
 sweet dream,
Watched from the craggy cliff the eagle fly,
 And heard the far off murmur of the stream.

Ah! Happy soul in solitude that sips
 From this grand cup of Nature sent from
 heaven —
“But I,” said I, “from your red rosy lips,
 Quaff sweetest sweets by God or nature given.

“Hush, Hush!” she said, and dropped her
 dusky head,
 “Who knows what eyes are turned upon us
 here?”
“The angels see, and say not that it's wrong,” I
 said,
And from her drooping lashes kissed a tear.

NON COMMITTAL

“Who made the rose on the rose bush?”

“God made the red rose tree
And the lilies fair, in the garden there,”
The little girl answered me.

“Who made the thorn on the rose bush?”

The little girl hung her head
With a troubled frown and eyes cast down,
“Well — God made the rose,” she said.

“Who made the sands at the seaside?”

“God made the sands of the sea,
And the waters blue, and the fishes, too,”
The little girl answered me.

“Who made the dudes at the seaside?”

The little girl raised her head
With the faintest smile on her face the while:
“Well — God made the sands,” she said.

MOTHER AND I

I laugh when I list to the stories they tell
Of how I was born one day;
And tied in a towel to kick and to yell,
And show them how much I could weigh.
And when they had finished and I'd ceased to cry,
While placidly chewing my thumb,
We pressed the same pillow, — mother and I,
And softly she started to hum:

“Rock-a-by-baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.”

Sometimes, when I think of the days that are
dead,
And the joy of my youthful years —
Years that have rippled and gleamed and sped
With the tide down the ocean of tears;
I remember at eve when the day would die
And the twilight shadows had come,
How we sat together — mother and I,
And softly I started to hum:

“Hush little mother, rest in my love,
None love you better except God above;
Hush little mother, so loving and mild,
I'll be the mother now, you be the child.”

When together we sat in the gloaming again
 In a faint and a feeble breath
Was wafted a song from over the fen —
 From the valley and shadow of death;
'Twas the echo that came from the sweet by-and-
 by,
 And the voices were whispering, "Come."
We caught up the chorus — mother and I,
 And softly we started to hum:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."

AN' DE WATAHMELOON'S RIPEN' ALL
AROUN'

I heah a noisy katydid a-shoutin' up a tree,
An' de watahmelon's ripen' all aroun'.
He orter be a sleepin' like de honey bee,
W'en de watahmelon's ripen' all aroun'.
I heah de lonesome whistle ob de whippoorwill,
De big, roun' moon's a fallin' down ahind de hill,
And de hoot owl's a-hootin' on de ol' cane mill;
An' de watahmelon's ripen' all aroun'.

De possum an' de raccoon am a-settin' on a rail,
An' de 'simmons am a-ripen' all aroun';
De raccoon pow'ful haughty 'cause he got a
han'some tail,
An' de 'simmons am a-ripen' all aroun'.
Den de possum clim' de 'simmon, frap his tail
aroun' a lim',
An' he shout down to de raccoon, still a-starin'
up at him:
"W'en you want ter shake a 'simmon tree I'm
yo' Jim;
An' de 'simmons am a-fallin' all aroun'.

De win' ain't mo' an' whispin' in de shaddeh ob
de hill,
An' de blue grapes a-ripen' all aroun'.

A nigger wid a milk can am a-usin' roun' de still,
For de liquah am a-leakin' on de groun'.
De mohnin' sta' am shinin' fo' de brokin' ob de
day.
Good mohnin', mistah red fox, yo' ain't got long
to stay,
Dah's a muffled-footed niggah gwin' ter chase de
fox away,
Fer de chickens am a-roos'in' all aroun'.

BECAUSE WE LOVE

Dear heart of mine, since we were wed,
The second summer now is here,
And love grows stronger every year.
We are so happy, sweet, I said;
Why is it? And she answered low,
"Because we love each other so."

Oft have I heard the moaning dove
Call her lost mate from out the wood;
She suffered, felt, and understood;
For she was filled with grief and love.
Such sorrow may we never know,
Because we love each other so.

SWEET MARIE

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie,
A tale I would impart, love, to thee;
 Every daisy in the dell
 Knows my secret, knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, sweet Marie.

When I hold your hand in mine, sweet Marie,
A feeling most divine comes to me;
 All the world is full of spring,
 Full of warblers on the wing,
And I listen while they sing, sweet Marie.

In the morn when I awake, sweet Marie,
Seems to me my heart will break, love, for thee,
 Every wave that shakes the shore,
 Seems to sing it o'er and o'er,
Seems to say that I adore sweet Marie.

When the sunset tints the west, sweet Marie,
And I sit down to rest, love, with thee;
 All the stars that stud the sky
 Seem to stand and wonder why
They're so dimmer than your eye, sweet Marie.

Not the sunglints in your hair, sweet Marie,
Not because your face is fair, love, to see;
 But your soul so pure and sweet,
 Makes my happiness complete,
Makes me falter at your feet, sweet Marie.

THE CONVENT

What is there here, what can there be
That makes this drear old nunnery
So strangely, sweetly dear to me?

Down these old aisles the children pass,
At early morn, to early mass
To make them ready for the class.

I pause in every quaint retreat
And muse and say, "Here oft my sweet
Has been; these floors have felt her feet."

And so it's all made plain; I see
What makes this drear old nunnery
So strangely, sweetly dear to me.

SONG OF A SOUND SAILOR

First we call at Bella Bella where they educate
the reds,
Where they learn to wear a Merry Widow
chapeau on their heads,
Where the hardy husky huskies lie asleep be-
neath their sleds,
But me heart is with me klutch at Kitsum-
Kaylum.

There's a maid at Metlakatla, holy city of the
sea,
And she says she hopes for heaven, but she al-
ways looks for me.
She's been maudlin at the Mission where she's
learned to say, "'Tis he,"
But she doesn't know my klutch at Kitsum-
Kaylum.

There's a woman waiting always on the wharf
at Essington,
There's a paleface at Prince Rupert who ad-
dresses me, "me man,"
And I'm always t'rowing kisses at the kid at
Katchikan,
But you ought to see me klutch at Kitsum-
Kaylum.

In me youth I used to reckon every female was
a flirt,
And I've heard a sailor call his 'Kaylum k'utch
his "Sunday skirt,"
But everything is different with me since I was
hurt,
An' me heart is with me klutch at Kitsum-
Kaylum.

Now, good-by, good-by, old Ocean, I am goin'
to shake the sea;
Just a little farm and fireside in the Skeena vale
for me,
And I'll rest me in the bosom of me little familiee.
I am camping with me klutch at Kitsum-
Kaylum.

Thoughtful Rhymes

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night;
God only, knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

ALASKA

Three sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal,
And a moon or so from the end of the line,
And you stand at the foot of the great white
wall —

That is white with the snows that fall, and fall,
O'er the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine
That grow at the feet of Alaska.

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray,
With her white pall pulled o'er her stony breast;
Frowning and frigid and far away,
She has ever stood, as she stands to-day,
In the desolate wastes of the wide Northwest—
Stands this hoary old woman — Alaska.

Unmolested for thousands of years,
Isolated, remote and lone;
Her hard face glacial with frozen tears,
While over her shoulders and in her ears
The winds of the North Land wail and moan,
In the ears of old Mother Alaska.

A party of prospectors passed that way,
And they thought the old face had forgotten
its frown,
And, pausing, they pulled her white robe away
And found her treasure: "Ah, q'est que c'est?"
Said the French Canadian, kneeling down
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story, and men went wild,
And pawned their chattels and joined the race.
The old croon jingled her gold and smiled,
And the gold-mad men of the world beguiled
With a promise of fortune in that far place,
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But Oh, the rivers are wide and deep,
And the north wind breathes with a killing
breath;
And over the mountains so rough and steep
The old dread reaper shall come and reap;
The rime old reaper that men call Death
Shall reap the white fields of Alaska.

THIS LIFE IS GOOD

When meads and glades and everything
Put on their sunny robe of spring —
When fragrant flowers scent the air
And birds make music everywhere,
I say, while wandering in the wood,
This life is good.

When roses rest in Winter's tomb,
And all the earth is garbed in gloom,
At eventide about the hearth
I sit, and say, despite the dearth,
Of sun and sunset down the wood,
This life is good.

HEREAFTER

Canst picture, said a friend to me,
The joy of what is yet to be?
Canst thou describe eternity?

Dost thou believe that when we take
That last, long sleep, a day shall break
The dreamless night? Shall we awake?

Tell me, with reason in thy rhyme,
Dost think there'll be no end of time,
Nor end of bliss, in that blest clime?

I do not know, for sure, I said,
I know not those whose light feet tread
Yon shore; I know the dead are dead.

I've seen the summer birds take wing,
When winter came, and in the spring
Come back again, to soar and sing.

I've seen the red rose in the glen.
Hid 'neath the hoar frost, die, and then
In brighter hours, bloom again.

I've seen the soul, freed from the clay
That held it here, reach far away,
Take up its harp and start to play.

I've seen a mother die, and she,
When came to her what must to me,
Looked smiling toward eternity.

And I can see while roses bloom
Where roses fade through life's long gloom,
A gleam of hope beyond the tomb.

But whatsoe'er the future be,
If there's a life for you and me,
To last through all eternity,

'Twere well to keep this point in view:
DO UNTO MAN, THY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH,
AS THOU WOULDST HAVE HIM DO TO YOU.

And then when thou art o'er the range,
Where all are good, though many strange,
Thou may'st not feel too great the change.

“ALL’S WELL WITH THE WORLD”

I

“O, God, send down the rain,
The earth is parched and dry,
The roses die!”
With faces ’gainst the pane
The people cry.

Upon the quivering air
Spent birds on weary wing
Keep winnowing,
Because they have not where
To rest or sing.

Far in the north, a low
Deep rumbling; a lightning chain
Lights up the plain,
God’s lights are off; and so
God sends the rain.

II

“O, God! Keep off the rain
A little while. Behold
A sea of gold,
Of wimpling, golden grain,
Thy wrath withhold.”

“O, God! withhold the hail,”
The anxious people prayed,
All sore afraid,
While o’er the prairie trail
The lightning played.

So, through the long, long night
With prayer the storm they staved,
The full heads waved.
Then God switched on the light —
The crops were saved.

THE HARVEST

I’m satisfied we’re stratified,
And dwell upon a certain plane,
Souls meet and part, and meet again;
No soul that ever lived has died.

We plant and reap as on we go,
We sow in smiles, sometimes in tears,
To reap in kind in after years;
We reap precisely as we sow.

All things are ordered; and in fine,
We take our winnings on the way,
From year to year, from day to day;
And you get yours, and I get mine.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CREEDE

A thousand burdened burros filled
The narrow, winding, wriggling trail.
A hundred settlers came to build,
Each day, new houses in the vale.
A hundred gamblers came to feed
On these same settlers — this was Creede.

Slanting Annie, Gambler Joe
And bad Bob Ford, Sapolio, —
Or Soapy Smith, as he was known, —
Ran games peculiarly their own,
And everything was open wide,
And men drank absinthe on the side.

* * *

And now the Faro Bank is closed,
And Mr. Faro's gone away
To seek new fields, it is supposed, —
More verdant fields. The gamblers say
The man who worked the shell and ball
Has gone back to the Capitol.

The winter winds blow bleak and chill,
The quaking, quivering aspen waves
About the summit of the hill —
Above the unrecorded graves
Where halt abandoned burros feed
And coyotes call — and this is Creede.

Lone graves whose head-boards bear no name,
Whose silent owners lived like brutes
And died as doggedly, — but game,
And most of them died in their boots.
We mind among the unwrit names
The man who murdered Jesse James.

We saw him murdered, saw him fall,
And saw his mad assassin gloat
Above him. Heard his moans and all,
And saw the shot holes in his throat,
And men moved on and gave no heed
To life or death — and this is Creede.

THE SOUL OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

The lifeblood of old Egypt courses with the
muddy Nile,

The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who
guard the empty street;

The peace of many nations rests behind a thin,
red file;

But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little
grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot, where but lately it
salaamed,

The sentinel may slumber, and a mob possess
the street;

Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy
Nile be dammed,

But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains, a
grain of wheat.

Let nation banter nation with their battle-flags
unfurled,

The State may stand secure a space behind a
frowning fleet;

God's sunshine on Saskatchewan! her fields
shall feed the world,

For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little
grain of wheat.

THE BULL TEAM

The sturdy bull, with stately tread,
Submissive, silent, bows his head
And feels the yoke; the creaking wain
Rolls leisurely across the plain;
Across the trackless, treeless land,
An undulating sea of sand,
Where mocking, sapless rivers run;
 With swollen tongue and bloodshot eye,
 Still on to where the shadows lie,
And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away
To where his free-born brothers play
Upon the prairie wild and wide;
He turns his head from side to side;
He feels the bull whip's cruel stroke;
Again he leans against the yoke.
At last his weary walk is done.

 He pauses at the river's brink,
 And drinks the while his drivers drink,
Almost beside the setting sun.

THE WRECK AT CABAZA

When Engineer West saw the danger he reversed his engine and set the air brake; and thus, in his last moment on earth, saved many lives.—*Press Despatch.*

At home, abroad, beyond the sea,
When over seas I chance to roam,
These sad, sad stories come to me
Of old-time friends I knew at home;
So that, where'er I voyage, I
Know what they do and how they die.

The driver saw — the wires so say —
The open switch: with his last breath
Alarmed his mate, and stayed, that they
Who filled the train might not see death.
There was the river, hard ahead:
Himself and mate made up the dead.

They die not with averted face;
For such their friends have not to blush.
When the dread reaper comes apace
They fall like heroes. In the hush
Go search the wreck, you'll find them pale
In death, and not far from the rail.

TWO SOLDIERS

“Now,” said the one-armed soldier,
 “I’ll tell you e’er I go,
About the Border Brothers,
 Twin brothers of St. Joe.

“One did things on the desert,
 Amid the dust and drought,
The other took his musket,
 And soldiered at the South.

“One looked along a transit,
 And trailed a tape of steel;
One squinted o’er a cannon
 That made the rebels reel.

“While one was puffing, snuffing,
 Away the vital spark,
The other kept his vigil
 Where Sioux scalped in the dark,

“While one was routing rebels
 Where the white Potomac foams,
One chisled out an Empire
 That holds a million homes.

* * *

“One sleeps in the Sierros
 Beneath a shroud of snow,

One sleeps beneath a statue —
Equestrian in St. Joe.

“While one was making widows
The other made the West;
Now, children, choose your hero.
Which soldier battle lost?”

SANGRE DE CHRISTO

Sangre de Christo, let me trace
The beauties of thy furrowed face,
While soft the perfumed summer breeze
Makes music in thine arboles;
And, as I look, thine every peak
To me, in silence seems to speak;
Sangre — the blood that flowed so free;
Christo — the Christ on Calvary.

I see upon thy riven side
Great rifts through which the rivers flow;
And they tell, too, how Jesus died,
As down to seek the sea they go;
And through the verdant vale they sing
The praises of the Risen King.
Sangre — the blood that flowed so free;
Christo — the Christ on Calvary.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death!

The flowers bloom;

Their sweet perfume

Floats o'er the night —

The hills are white.

The summer birds have sped away,

The summer days are dead, they say,

But when the spring comes back, the wren

Sings sweet, the flowers bloom again.

There is no death!

We fall asleep

And wake to weep,

Youth's happy springtime wears away,

With voices weak, our hair grows gray;

But after that last sleep, ah, then,

We know that man must live again.

There is no death!

UNDER THE WILLOWS

Here I used to sit and listen for the patter of her
feet,

For the tiny hands to pound upon the door;
But the icy hand of death has touched the fore-
head of my sweet,
And the baby voice is hushed forevermore.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
Where with each recurring spring
Feathered warblers come and sing,
When the violets are blooming o'er her grave.

To a quiet western woodland now my memory
sadly turns,
Where the summer wild rose scents the silent
gloom,
Where a busy little brook is singing softly in the
ferns,
And the willow boughs are bending o'er her
tomb.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
Where the low winds sob and sigh,
When the summer roses die,
And the autumn leaves are falling on her grave.

Only now I slept and dreamed that I was kneeling
 there to-night,
 Where my little one is sleeping on the hill;
Even now, when I'm awake, and the tears fall as
 I write,
I can seem to hear the music of the rill.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
 Where the winds blow bleak and drear
 When the silent woodland's sear,
And the snow is drifting deep upon her grave.

LITTLE THERESA, THE WAIF

To a place where the poor of the city,
The shoeblacks and news children meet,
A fairy waif came with a banjo,
And a voice, oh, so soothing and sweet,
That it brought back the scent of the summer
With orange-trees blooming above,
And mocking-birds in the magnolias,
As soft as the song of a dove.

With holes in her sleeves and her stockings,
Torn shoes on her little brown feet,
Eyes like limpid pools in the mountains —
Her hair was like ripening wheat.
When she came out again — the Infanta
Joanna, bejewelled and gay —
My friend laughed: "I say, vot you cry for?
She vas yust make-belief in der play."

She was beautiful then, as a picture
Is beautiful — only to see;
But she never can be so enchanting
As the little tramp singer to me.
I know you will say it is better,
For in luxury's lap she is safe;
If I could, though, I would not forget her
As little Theresa, the Waif.

MY FRIEND — THE PROSPECTOR

If I were to write for the papers to print,
What here I indite, I opine
That my critics would say it was written that
way
For so many dollars a line.
And so, with the view that I'm writing to you,
Where no critic's lances are hurled,
I'll touch the taut string of my lyre and sing
Of the best-hearted man in the world.

Hark back to the prospect in Poverty Gulch,
Before you found dirt that would pay,
When the hope in your breast, like the gold in
The west,
Burned brightest at close of the day.
If I were but rich, or, if you were still poor,
And we sat where your cabin smoke curled,
Then in unstinted lays I could pour out the
praise
Of the best-hearted man in the world.

IN THE TWILIGHT

My hands are growing weary,
While from my setting sun
The gold is slowly fading,
And so much work undone.

Now every passing moment
Some task unfinished brings
To hands grown weary doing
So many useless things.

My feet are also weary:
The ways they walk are hard,
The thorns have held and hurt them,
The stones have left them scarred.

Here, in the gathering twilight,
They falter now and fail,
Poor feet that stray so far from
The straight and narrow trail.

Away off in a cañon
I hear a lost sheep cry,
And on the perfect pathway
See happy souls go by.

But, Oh! My soul is weary
As wearily I plod,
And all because I've wandered
So far away from God.

WHERE WOMEN DON'T GO

The flowers that bloom in the springtime,
And make the dull world seem so gay,
Have never a thought in the meantime
That bloom bringeth blight and decay.

The glad bird that sings by the river,
Smiling up at the blue opal sky,
Never dreams in its joy that the giver
Of Song has adjudged it to die.

The brooklet that babbles and blushes,
And gladdens the glen with its glee,
Knoweth not that it wilfully rushes
To the silent, sad shores of the sea.

But man, while in youth's happy morning,
When the world seems so sunny and bright,
In the song of each bird hears a warning,
And the brooklets are whispering, "Night."

For Time follows closely behind him,
And hurries him, half out of breath,
And the gathering gloaming will find him
In the valley and shadow of death.

Of course, we have heard the old story,
That down the dim vista of years,

A woman took gladness and glory
And sold it for sorrow and tears.

But if woman has brought all this sorrow,
And filled this wide world full of woe,
I would not exchange it to-morrow
For a heaven where women don't go.

WE NEVER KNOW

We never know the joy of it
'Till love is turned to hate,
Nor heed the crimes that we commit
Until it is too late.

We never need the sun so much
As when it has gone down;
Nor know the bliss that's in a kiss
'Till we have felt a frown.

The empty arms when loved ones part,
From being idle, ache;
We never know we have a heart
'Till it begins to break.

GOD IS LOVE

When they pressed the desert sand,

Love was there.

Joseph holding Mary's hand,

Love was there.

In the hovel where she slept,

Weary, travel-worn, she wept,

But the holy faith was kept —

Love was there.

When he walked upon the sea,

Love was there;

In the lone Gethsemane,

Love was there.

When they put Him to disgrace,

Mocked Him in a public place,

When the rabble smote His face,

Love was there.

And He counted nothing loss,

Love was there;

Though they nailed Him to the cross —

Love was there.

“God is *love*,” the Scripture saith,

Even to His parting breath,

At the open door of death,

Love was there.

GIVE US THIS DAY

“Give us this day,” a mother prayed,
And knelt upon a naked floor,
“O God, from out thy plenteous store,
Give us this day our daily bread.

“I know that Thou wilt find the way —
Thou who hast fed the multitude —
For Thou art God, and God is good;
Give us our daily bread this day.

“’Tis true a legion lips have said
This prayer for many, many weeks;
But lo! at last a nation speaks,
Give us this day our daily bread.”

WAITING FOR THE WILD GOOSE

In the shelter of my wigwam I am waiting for
the spring,

For the forest flowers to blossom in the vale:
I am watching from my wigwam for the wild
goose on the wing,

When I'll gather up my traps and hit the trail
To the Highlands of Ontario, in the merry berry-
moon,

To the haunts of Hiawatha that are nigh;
To the banks of Athabaska, where it's always
afternoon —

O, I wonder when the wild goose will go by?

While the first black crow is calling in the dawn-
ing down the dell,

I am dreaming of the summer; in my dream
I can hear the Mudjekeewis sighing softly; I can
smell

A wild rose blooming near a northern stream;
I am skirting Nova Scotia, that is gaily garbed
in green,

With the cool Atlantic billows breakin' high,
Or I sit and sigh where Gabriel kissed his fair
Evangeline —

I wonder when the wild goose will go by?

Then away to Western Canada — big fish on the
line,

A quaking aspen quivering in the breeze;
Again good Mudjekeewis comes a-crooning
 through the pine,
And blows my little bark o'er Lake Louise.
Won't you come and camp in Canada? It's not
 all snow and ice
(I thought I saw a shadow from the sky) —
It's the only Unstaked Empire — the Camper's
 Paradise —
Adois! — I see a wild goose going by.

TRANSPORTATION

If all our cars were motor cars,
 Encumbering the land,
And shooting by like shooting stars,
 We'd have nowhere to stand.

If all our plains were aeroplanes
 Sweeping the curving sky,
The railroads might side-track their trains,
 And put on wings and fly.

In many ways, in many things,
 God's wisdom he reveals;
To some men he hath given wings,
 And others — they have wheels.

TO-MORROW

To-morrow! Oh, To-morrow;
The day that I like best;
For though my sunset's clouded
It's golden farther west.
Observe the little sparrow
Throughout the dark To-day,
She sings of her To-morrow
And th' egg she's going to lay.

I hear a sad soul sighing
To leave this "vale of tears"
But make no doubt he's lying
About a hundred years
And feel no twinge of sorrow
When his ship puts to sea,
The ship that sails To-morrow
Sails soon enough for me.

For tho' my sun's declining
Behind yon hoary hill,
I know that it is shining
Beyond the summit still;
And howsoe'er I sorrow,
I know 'twill pass away.
God gives a glad To-morrow
For every dull To-day.

“GIVE ME NOT RICHES”

I want to find a place for me
Where Nature's harps are all in tune,
A calm, or a still, on Life's rough sea,
A place where it's always afternoon,
A quiet, peaceful place somewhere
Between the tramp and the millionaire.

Where it's not all joy and not all pain;
Not too much shine, nor too much shade;
Just a place to hide me from the rain;
An easy place where the rent is paid,
And not too close to the man of care,
And not too far from the millionaire.

GRIEF

The first great grief that comes into a life
Falls heavy on the heart unused to pain;
But when each day brings greater care and strife
And life endures, we hope again.

Then, looking back to pain from which we
shrank,
To stony ways we walked with bleeding feet,
So bitter now the cup, that what we drank
In other days, would now seem sweet.

MEMORIAL DAY

Gather the garlands rare to-day,
 Snow-white roses and roses red;
Gather the fairest flowers of May,
Heap them up on the heaps of clay,
 Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

Pile them high as the soldiers were
 Piled on the field where they fought and fell;
They will rejoice in their new place there
To-day, as they walk where the fragrant air
 Is sweet with the scent of the asphodel.

Many a time, I have heard it said,
 They fell so thick where the battles were,
Their hot blood rippled, and running red,
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead
 And stained the heath and the daisies there.

This day the friends of the soldier keep,
 And they will keep it through all the years,
To the silent city where soldiers sleep
Will come with flowers, to stand and weep
 And water the garlands with their tears.

THE STAGE COACH

The long lash wimples and curves and cracks,
In a puff of dust, on the nacked backs
Of the lithesome leaders and the joyous load
Is whisked away down the dusty road

Where the shameless aspens shiver, nude,
In the autumn winds. In the cabin rude
The lone prospector lightly dreams
Of a pay-streak hiding in the seams

Of the rifted rocks. On the very crest
Of these gnarled monarchs of the West
Trends the twisting trail where the laughing load
Is whisked away down the dusty road.

With fingers woofed in a warp of reins,
The driver shuns the heavy wains,
With their many mules with nodding ears,
Like waving palms; our driver jeers

At the freighter with his homely load,
And whisks away down the dusty road.

THE CRY OF A SHIPWRECKED SOUL

Not many men are wholly bad,
None altogether good;
In my brief life fine times I've had,
Yet half my life I've rued.
We're all twin-souled, and side by side,
Good Jekyll walks with Mr. Hyde.

This tent, foredoomed to moth and mold,
This frail and fading frame,
So sensitive to heat and cold
Yet dead to joy or shame,
Shelters a soul, and just inside
Sits Jekyll watching Mr. Hyde.

When I look back along life's way,
Wherever I have strayed
Are mile-posts gleaming grim and gray —
Mistakes that I have made.
The deeds of Jekyll all forgot
While Hydes remain to mark the spot.

By day I walk the woodland green,
And come so near to God
His answering signals may be seen
In each wild rose's nod;
Here, in the town, at night I ride
Headlong for hell, my horse is Hyde.

And now, beneath His chastening rod,
I wring my hands and pray:
"Turn back Thy Universe, O, God,
And give me yesterday."
Crush Lust and Vanity and Pride,
But not too hard on Mr. Hyde.

* * *

With mast and compass blown away,
The winds howl o'er the deck,
No sail in sight — the sea is gray —
I swim around the wreck.
O, ghost of Christ, thou crucified,
Have mercy on me — Mr. Hyde.

THE WIDOWER

Christmas eve! How many hearts are light
to-night,
How many happy homes are bright;
But to me the world seems cruel, cold and drear.
There's little left in life to cheer me here.
I wonder if in all the years to be
There'll be anything but clouds and tears for me?

Alone I walk the busy streets
And look into each happy face I meet;
Soul sick and sad I turn away
And upon my lonely pillow my aching head I lay,
And while the festive feasts go on
I think of happy Christmas times that have
come and gone.

Here in the silence and the gloom,
The solitude of my lonely room;
I close my eyes and then behold
Her still, white face, so calm, so cold,
Just as it looked to me that day
When I kissed her pale, still lips of lifeless clay.

THE ISOLATION OF A CHILD

I once knew a dear little mother,
 With a beautiful, blue-eyed boy.
She constantly bathed and brushed him,
 And when he had tired of a toy
She would take it and scald it and scrap it,
 And lay it away in the sun,
And that is the way she took care of
 His playthings, every one.

Pent up in his own little playhouse,
 The baby grew peaked and pale,
And there were the neighbors' children
 All dirty and happy and hale.
If the baby went out for an airing,
 The nurse was to understand
That none of the neighbors' children
 Was ever to touch his hand.

But they did, and the injured mother
 Brought the dear baby inside
And shut him up in his playhouse,
 Where the little one fretted and died.
Then the torn heart turned to the Virgin,
 And this was the weight of her prayer:
"Oh, mother, dear, don't let him play with
 The other angels up there!"

THE WEST

Come, take my hand and walk with me
 To where the lifting prairies lie,
 Close up against the western sky,
The land of Opportunity.

The Earth is yours! And it is mine
 To beacon you back to the land,
 To help you find a place to stand,
To plant a fig tree and a vine

In God's good world. He made the West!
 Amid the hills set sunny vales,
 And for the Iron Horse broke trails,
Wrote "Finis," and sat down to rest.

THE CAÑON OF THE GRAND

I'm going to paint a picture with a pencil of my
own;
I shall have no hand to help me, I shall paint it
all alone.
Oft I fancy it before me and my hopeful heart
grows faint,
As I contemplate the grandeur of the picture I
would paint.

When I rhyme about the river, the laughing,
limpid stream,
Whose ripples seem to shiver as they glide and
glow and gleam;
Of the waves that beat the boulders that are
strewn upon the sand,
You will recognize the river in the Cañon of the
Grand.

When I write about the mountains, with their
heads so high and hoar,
Of the cliffs and craggy cañons, where the waters
rush and roar,
When I speak about the walls that rise so high
on either hand,
You will recognize the rock-work in the Cañon
of the Grand.

God was good to make the mountains, the val-
leys and the hills,
Put the rose upon the cactus and the ripple on
the rills;
But if I had all the words of all the worlds at my
command,
I could not paint a picture of the Cañon of the
Grand.

IN MEMORY

In memory of a brow of snow,
Of one fair face I used to know,
Of love that languished, long ago.

Of miss-set signals and the wreck,
Of baby arms about my neck,
Of bitter tears I may not check.

In memory of a golden band,
Of one who could not understand
The empty clasp of her cold hand.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

A red rose grew by the garden gate,
And sweetly scented the silent gloom
When the city slept — when the hour was late,
The night wind wafted its pure perfume
Up to my window, and o'er my bed,
'Till I was in love with the rose so red.

But I think now, perhaps it's wrong
To love these things that only bide
A few brief days, with a love so strong;
For folding its petals the red rose died;
And then I sorrowed, and sighed and said:
"Life is lonely, my rose is dead."

And then, ere long, another rose
Bloomed in life's way — a human flower;
And it brought to me such sweet repose,
And held my heart with a hidden power,
And soothed my soul that was worn with care,
'Till I was in love with the rose so rare.

And that fair flower that I loved so long,
With a love that was never satisfied
That I loved with a love so strangely strong —
Folded its soft white hands and died;
Again I sorrowed and sighed and said;
"Life is lonely, my love is dead.

WHERE THE FLOWERS TALK

I want to go where the flowers blow
On the mountains high and hoary;
Where the summer winds shake the patient pines
And the sun, in its golden glory,
Falls o'er the stream where the ripples gleam;
Where the shores are shoal and sandy.
I want to walk where the flowers talk
On the banks of the Rio Grande.

I love the stills in the running rills —
The willowy rills, half hidden —
That lie in the lap of the gentle hills —
In the lap of the hills unhidden.
I love the leas where the honey bees
Are making sweets from the clover.
I love to walk where the flowers talk,
With the blue sky arching over.

WHEN WE GO OFF AND DIE

The road is rough and rocky,
The road that leads to fame;
The way is strewn with skeletons
Of those who have grown lame
And have fallen by the wayside;
The world will pass you by,
Nor pause to read your manuscript
'Till you go off and die.

You'll find no shoulders here below
To help you bear the cross;
You'll have to eat your mutton plain
Without the caper sauce;
And when you read down to desert,
You'll find a dearth of pie,
And you'll never know what pudding is
'Till you go off and die.

But there's a consolation in
The thought that when we're dead
If we have written something good,
Our efforts will be read.
And friends will plant forget-me-nots,
And come and sit and sigh,
And irrigate our graves with tears
When we go off and die.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN

There's only one
Good Indian,
It has been said,
And he is dead;
But with this jeu d'esprit
I beg to disagree.
There's Lo,
Who for a century or so,
Has stood in sun and rain alone,
Making no moan.
Let those who frame freak laws
Give pause.
This painted Indian who guards the store
Knows more
Of the maudlin midnight secrets of the souls of
men,
Who mouthed them over and over, yet and
again,
Than any other Indian red or white.
How oft at night,
When the last riotous reveler had fled
Or lay dead,
Soused in the sawdust, have you gone forth to
find some one
To lean upon?
Then Lo,
The poor son-of-a-gun
Of an Indian,

Is made to bear the White Man's Burden for an
hour or so.
And when you have wept upon his vest
You sink to rest
Against his chest;
Presently you wake in dire distress
And evening dress,—
The rosy westering sunlight showing your
shame,—
And blame
The poor Indian for keeping you out all night.
It is a fright
The way we've used this Indian for years,
And now in tears
I tear off this tribute, and sob out this sentiment
to Lo —
He's got to go.

WORRISOME JIM

Jim worried and worried his weary life through
'Till we christened him Worrisome Jim,
Just wondering what would the company do
If anything happened to him.

His pumps were forgotten, his water ran low,
While he sat a-thinking, no doubt.
There's a rent in the roof of the mill shed to show
Where Worrisome Jimmie went out.

The ambulance came — he was wagoned away;
For a time he lay listless and still;
At the end of six months, half a year to a day —
And Jimmie came back to the mill.

But he wouldn't stop worrying. Out in the park,
Where the street lamps at intervals shine,
A motor came hurrying down through the dark
And it hit him a kick in the spine.

The old mill is grinding the same as of yore,
The eyes of his widow are dim;
The places that knew him now know him no
more,
For something has happened to him.

BAD ON THE BIRD

A rash little robin sailed over the sea,
And lit on a tree-twigg, and gazing at me,
He softly and silently folded his wing
And said, in a whisper, "I came here to sing."
"You pose as a poet," the little bird said,
"Then why don't you warble and waken the
dead
Fields and flowers that slumber? Warble and
bring
The lilies to life again — Why don't you sing?"
I looked at the snow-drifts that lingered around
The fences and trees, where the frost in the
ground
Seemed to keep them from melting, — I saw
not a thing,
Save the bird, that gave any assurance of
spring.
I was just about telling the bird what a joke
It would be if the spring didn't come, when there
broke
O'er the valley a storm, and the elements
played
Hail on his tail 'till his feathers were frayed.

GENTLE ANNIE

Now the restless hand of Nature
Reaches out to shift the scene,
And the brooks begin to warble in the dell;
And the waking fields are fluffy,
And the meadow lands are green,
And the tassels on the trees begin to swell.

Now the young man finds his fancy
Turning tow'rd the things of time,
And the miner's lightly turning tow'rd the trail;
And when we would be prosy,
We are drifting into rhyme —
It is springtime, gentle Annie, in the vale.

Now the naked hills are hiding
'Neath a garb of gaudy hue,
And the tramps are growing restless in the jail;
All the woodland melts in melody,
And everything is new;
It is springtime, gentle Annie, in the vale.

THE WAY WE WALKED

I met a woman on life's way,
A woman fair to see;
Or caught up with her I should say,
Or she caught up with me.
"The way is long when one's alone,"
I said, "and dangerous, too;
I'll help you by each stumbling stone,
If I may walk with you."

Then on we went; her laughing eyes
And sunny smiles were sweet;
Above us blue and burnished skies,
And roses 'neath our feet.
"I'm glad your sunny face I've seen,"
I said; "When life is through
I'll own the best of it has been
The way I walked with you."

"I do not say my love, my life,
Will all be given to grief
When you are gone; the ceaseless strife
Will bring me much relief.
But when Death's hand the curtain draws,
When life's long journey's through,
'Twill not have all been bad, because
I came part way with you."

THE CITY CHOIR

I went to hear the city choir:
The summer night was still.
I heard the music mount the spire,
They sang: "He'll take the pil —"

"I'm on! I'm on!" the tenor cried;
And looked into my face;
"My journey home, My journey home,"
Was bellowed by the bass.

"It is for the — It is for the —"
Shrieked the soprano shrill.
I knew not why they looked at me,
And yelled, "He'll take the pil —"

Then clutching wildly at my breast,
Oh, heaven! My heart stood still:
"Yes, yes," I cried, "If that is best,
Ye powers! I'll take the pil —"

As I, half fainting, reached the door,
And saw the starry dome,
I heard them sing: "When life is o'er
He'll take the pilgrim home."

WE AIN'T HAD NO SPRING

Man's a chump to set and rhyme
'Bout this soft Italian clime —
 Sunny skies, so blue and bright;
 Sky's all right, but out o' sight.
Summer birds with broken wing —
Some are birds that want to sing —
We ain't had a bit o' spring.

Sun comes out and then goes back;
Ho'ses waitin' on the track.
 Summer's here? We don't know where —
 There's no music in the air.
Spring's all scrambled with the fall —
I think Foster's got his gall —
We ain't had no spring at all.

THE DEATH OF A DEW-DROP

My sweetheart placed in my coat lapel
 A beautiful, blushing boutonnaire,
And there was a dew-drop where it fell,
 In the heart of the rose was an angel's tear.
How sweet, I thought, when the petals close
 The death of the dew-drop in the rose.

THE PRINTER

Poor artists, who preserve the arts,
Who toil through weary nights and days
With tired eyes and heavy hearts;
No poet sings the printer's praise.

To them, the years no glory bring,
They walk not in the path of fame;
But uncomplaining sit and sing
The praises of another's name.

And me they much have helped along,
And doubtless after I am dead
They'll print my name and spell it wrong,
And part it with a period.

JEALOUSY

A brindle pup in a prairie town
Saw a greyhound gliding past,
And he said to the other dogs around:
"You think that greyhound's fast?
Leave ut to muh," as the trail he hit:
"That hound can't go a little bit."

The brindle pup in the prairie town
Dug deep in the prairie trail,
But miles behind the hunting hound,
And he failed, as a cur must fail;
And then with biting, snapping snarl
The pup went back to the garbage barrel.

THE FLYER

Across the hill and down the dell,
Past station after station;
The muffled music of the bell
Gives voice to each vibration.

Out o'er the prairie, cold and gray,
There falls a flood of fire,
While orders flash for miles away:
"Take siding for the flyer."

The engine seems to fairly float,
Her iron sinews quiver,
While swift, beneath her throbbing throat,
The rails rush like a river.

Upon the seat the engineer,
Who knows her speed and power,
Sits silently without a fear
At sixty miles an hour.

ENGINE .007

To Mr. Kipling

"Now a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing man ever made."—Rudyard Kipling in *Scribner's Magazine*.

I

I am not supersensitive like Canada that throws
A fit and has hysterics when she's called a land
of snows —

Which snow is half her glory, e'en as mine bides
in my pull,

And push, and speed, and come and go; and yet
my heart is full

Of grief and indignation. First off, you write
me "he,"

And rate me 'long with stationary water boilers.
We —

(I speak for all my sisters — all who wear the
petticoat,*

For we are "ladies" every one, aye, even to the
Goat)†

We all are proud to have engaged the pen of one
who may

At will depict the eagle less imposing than the
jay;

* Draft, or lifting pipe. † A yard engine.—C. W.

II

Who only needs to pause, and touch, or breathe
 upon the strings
Of the mute lyre, and lo, the songless slumberer
 wakes and sings,
And all the glad world listens to his songs that
 rise and swell;
Blame not my poor interpreter, for he, too, loves
 you well.
He loves your friend, McAndrews, too, who loved
 his engines so;
The engines Calvin might have made, "enor-
 mous," aye, but "slow."
My driver also loves me. He knows the sort of
 steel
Of which my wheels and ribs are wrought, and
 what it is to feel
My hot breath on his upturned face; to test my
 speed and power;
While holding me against the night at ninety
 miles an hour.

III

And you call these more sensitive who flounder
 in the sea,
Or drive the tug — or boil the glue — more sensi-
 tive than we,
Who show ourselves in half an hour in half a
 dozen towns,

And sound our bells by running brooks and
whistle on the downs;
I thank you kindly, Kipling, for the kind words
you have said,
I'd blush to seem ungrateful, yet when my
driver read:
"Next to marine engine" — O! Nigger-stoked
at sea!
Well, when it all came home to him, he shot one
glance at me,
The sunset shimmering o'er my sides and on my
burnished bell,
And white steam fluttering from my dome as we
dropped down the dell.

IV

We passed a ferry coughing low and sidling cross
a stream;
The driver pulled my whistle valve and made me
fairly scream;
"Wi! Wi! watch the world go by!" you should
have seen his smile;
The clock hands marking forty-seven seconds to
the mile.
I hope it was not vanity. The engine in the
mill
That toils and runs from year to year, tho' al-
ways standing still,
Excites my pity. Like a fettered felon in his
chains

She toils on patiently, while I go romping o'er
the plains.

I'm sure the lumbering engine that rolls in a
twisting sea

Would gladly, gladly come ashore and roam the
earth with me.

V

She knows there is a "world" somewhere that
she has never seen.

She knows she has a boiler, too, somewhere
below the green

Line of the ocean. Now the driver hooked my
lever back

A notch, and leaning, listened to the flutter of
my stack.

We passed a little thresher engine, sweating in
a field,

And how my heart went out to her, rust-red and
half concealed

In smoke and dust. The driver lightly laid his
hand on me,

And touched my throttle half a hair, 'n I felt
the touch. Says he:

"Did you read what that rooster writ, 'bout
sensitive machines?"

"Yes," said the fireman; "that's a joke, 'twas
writ for the marines."

I OUGHT TO BE BETTER

I'm thinking, my queen,
As we sit here to-night,
How loveless and lone life would be
If I were to lose you,
My own heart's delight.
Ah, God has dealt kindly with me.

He's given you to me
To help me along
And brighten the days that are dim;
And I do so much
In my life that is wrong —
I ought to be better to Him.

THE PRINCESS INGINITA

A tawny princess, long ago,
Lived in the "middle Arid Zone"
And played upon the hills alone;
The hills whereon the Cacti blow.

There came from out the sunny south
A Spaniard, with a mandolin,
Who sang and played and played to win,
And kissed the maiden on the mouth.

He told her she was beautiful,
And sang the same song o'er and o'er,
They kissed again — he sang some more;
She made him moccasins of wool.

Anon he failed his tryst to keep,
For, after all, she was not fair.
Her hair was like a horse's hair —
She had to whip her face to sleep.

She contemplated suicide,
But saw, reflected from the stream
Her mirrored face; he heard her scream:
"Cayuse! Cayuse! the Spaniard lied."

THE PASSING OF THE LOCOMOTIVE — A REVERIE

“Ah, well,” said the Iron Horse, heaving a sigh
That was followed anon by a tear;
“They’ve made me do everything else but fly,
Since Stephenson sent me here.

“From killing an hour for every twelve miles,
To a hundred and twelve an hour;
The Yankee redoubles his toil and smiles
As he doubles my pace and power.

“When tempests have howled I have gone to the
front
The force of the blizzard to check;
Of countless collisions I’ve taken the brunt
And have laid in the ruins a wreck.

“Now, like the ‘old woman,’ they say I must
go,
And so make a place for the ‘new’;
A mile and a half in a minute’s too slow
For the Yankee. I know what I’ll do:

“I’ll go back to England, far over the sea,
My pace will be swift there, I’m told;
Tho’ the old things of England are new to me,
The new things of England are old.

“There, a thousand long years are the same as a day,
And a day as a thousand years.
There, when an old thing has wasted away,
Another old thing appears.

“Adieu to the land of the setting sun,
Impetuous Yankee, good-by.
I'll just jog along to the end of my run,
You put on your pinions and fly.”

BY-AND-BY

What shall we all be doing, by-and-by?
There'll be so much of blueing in our sky,
When we've made an end of Trusting,
And consequential Busting,
And Literary Dusting,
In your eye — by-and-by,
And Literary Dusting in your eye.

When the frenzy-freighted bombs have all been
hurled,
When the battle-bloody banner has been furled,
We shall know no more of Trusting
And Literary Dusting
When we've Stieffen-Tarbul-Lawsonized the
world —
Happy World —
When we've Stieffen-Tarbul-Lawsonized the
world.

I WOULD KNOW MY NATIVE LAND

There are those who praise the poet who can soar
in starry spheres,
And can mold his mystic phrases from the
wrecks of other years.
I would have my inspiration fresh from Nature's
open hand;
I would sing a simple sonnet that a child can
understand.

I would walk the verdant valley, where the salt
waves wash the feet
Of the Wasatch; gazing upward where the sky
and mountains meet,
Filled with awe and admiration I would kneel
upon the strand,
And thank heaven for this picture even I can
understand.

ON MARSHALL PASS

Young Yanker came down the hill one day
And the wind could hardly keep out of his way;
The air was good, and the brakes were set,
And he waddled his head with a "you can bet
That I'm a brave young engineer,
Never see nothin' that looked like fear."
And this is the way, the brakemen say,
When the birds were singing one morning in May,
Young Yanker came down the mountain.

The Station Agent flew out at the door
As the train went by with a rush and a roar,
Saying, "Young Yanker's exceedingly flip.
He must be making his maiden trip,"
And then, after showing how fast he could run,
He'd pull the whistle for brakes for fun.
And this is the way all summer each day,
A little too sudden the "soop" would say
Young Yanker came down the mountain.

The shack and the stoker would congregate
And the youthful conductor would then relate
How the old-time runners would take it slow
And this daring young driver would let 'em go.
"Ah, well," said the hoary-haired knight of the
punch,
"We'll pick him up some day, all in a bunch."
And this is the way, all summer each day,
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When the fields were fraught with the odor of
 hay,
Young Yanker came down the mountain.

* * *

Young Yanker came down the hill one day
His face was white and his hair was gray.
He shivered and shook as he stood on the deck,
And the bulk of his breakfast was up in his neck.
With the speed of a bullet he rounded a curve,
He wanted to jump, but he hadn't the nerve —
And this is the way, no cause for delay,
“Hellity-larupe,” the Brakemen say,
Young Yanker came down the mountain.

The trainmen thought he was trying his hand
'Till he pulled her over and gave her the sand.
The shack and the stoker flew over the deck
And the speed of the train were beginning to
 check;
With the aid of the engine they finished their
 work
And the cars all came to a stop with a jerk.
And this is the way, the trainmen say,
On this sear and serious autumn day,
Young Yanker came down the mountain.

Then he traded a lot of his sand for sense
With a lot of hilarity learned to dispense.

He has no desire the card to exceed
He takes better care of his fiery steed.
His face wears a look that's serene and sublime,
He strikes every station exactly on time.
And this is the way, the officers say,
In the darkness of night or the stormiest day
Young Yanker comes down the mountain.

PERIOD !

If I but could do what I would,
A pile driver would drop
On every pesky period
Within your bloomin' shop.

Then, later on, when I am gone,
Have petered out and past,
I need not dread that period
'Twixt my first name and last.

THE ALL RED INDIAN

I am an all red Indian,
A British Columbia Cree;
I always lay aside my gun
When I go on a jamboree,
It is a disgrace to paint your face
When you ought to be painting the town,
And here is one to the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

The pale-face hike to the lonely pike,
To the forest undefiled;
With their little pack, they're trailing back,
To the heart of the ancient wild.
That's not for me! I'm a timber Cree,
And I pant for the prairie brown,
And a midnight run with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

I hate the glare of the chemin de fer,
And the dusty trail by day;
But I delight in the lamps of night
That gleam on the Great White Way.
I hate the hush of the lonely bush
And the hills in glacial gown,
I take my fun with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

It were not wise to civilize
All of these carmin yaps,
For some must win the beaver skin
And some must mind the traps,
But the sparkling wine for me and mine,
Or a brew of autumn brown,
And a midnight run with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

THE SUNDOWN SEA

Have you heard of the sundown sea, love,
With its blue and golden skies,
Where the ripples play the livelong day
And the summer never dies?
There is health and wealth for you, love,
There is wealth and health for me,
There is all that's in the golden west
On the shore of the sundown sea.

There's a tear on every thorn, love,
Of the storm-scarred locust; there
Are dripping leaves and icy eaves,
And a wail on the wintry air.
There's a song in the frozen rill, love,
But it's lost to you and me;
There's a muffled cry in the wind-swept sky,
Then away to the sundown sea.

There is frost in your raven hair, love
Your cheeks are thin and pale
Your dark eye turns and your spirit yearns
For a glimpse of the sunset trail.
I will sing a new song to you, love
And you'll sing a new song to me,
And we'll grow young as we journey along
On the way to the sundown sea.

THE CRY OF A WOUNDED HEART

Put by your lute — sing not to me
Of blood-red rose and sunny sky,
The clouds are come — the roses die
As my dead heart has died in me;
There is no sunny, sundown sea!

Sing not to me — sing not to me!
There's no East, there is no West,
There's just a torn place in my breast,
There's *nothing!* Only land and sea,
All one wide waste of misery.

LOCAL COLOR

First the baby's bonny eyes caught the color of
the skies,
Then his tiny little toes took the color of the
rose;
But he never seemed so sweet 'till his pudgy
little feet
Ambled out across the lawn and caught the
color of the street.

IS IT REALLY ANY GOOD?

You're a Critic, in your attic,
Up above the dust and din,
On an essay you're in duty bound to do;
When your sanctum opens softly
And a sonneteer comes in,
Who was never any good to you.
But the poet smiles serenely, while you're stifling
a moan,
For he wants your honest judgment on an effort
of his own;
When you tell him that it's rotten and the son-
neteer has flown —
Is he really any good to you?

*Were you ever any good to him, William?
He was never any good, to you;
You could help him, if you would,
But you'd scalp him if you could,
For he isn't any good, to you.*

You're a Beauty, by the bard
And by the belted hero wooed,
Doing nothing, for you've nothing else to do;
Or, perhaps you're pouring pink tea
For a pink-a-doodle dude
Who was never any good, to you.
When you listen to his lyrics of a diamond in the
skies,

With a glimmer that is dimmer than the shimmer
of your eyes,
When he tells you where his treasure lies — and
other little lies —
Is he really any good, to you?

*Was he ever any good, to you, girlie?
He was never any good, to you;
You could choose him if you would
But you'd loose him if you could,
For he isn't any good, to you.*

You're a Merger, with a hundred
Million dollars in the bank,
Up and doing, till there's no one left to do;
When your ship is on the ocean
And the oil is in the tank,
Is it really any good, to you?
When you're owning all that's ownable between
the earth and sky,
Every four-and-twenty hours will another day
go by;
When you dare not eat a carrot, lest you double
up and die,
Is it really any good, to you?

*It was never any good to me, Rocky;
Was it ever any good, to you?
Could you stop it if you would,
Would you drop it if you could,
Is it really any good, to you?*

You're a Soldier, there's a Sultan,
On a lonely little isle,
Doing nothing, for there's nothing else to do;
When you hail him and the heathen
Comes to greet you with a smile —
Is he really any good, to you?
You approach him with your Bible and your
bottle and your gun,
If he doesn't hike he's high-balled, and you'll
hit him if he run;
When a dozen weedless widows stand aweeping
in the sun —
Are they really any good to you?

*Were you ever any good, to him, Johnnie,
He was never any good, to you;
You could win him if you would,
But you'd skin him if you could,
For he isn't any good — to you.*

AT THE RAINBOW'S TIP

Under the arch of the curving sky,
The silent Siwash sits alone,
Close by the trail of the Pes'la-ki,
Hearing the low winds wail and moan,
Wagging his head and wondering why
The white man comes in a steaming ship
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

“For what is gold but a yellow stone?
A part of this worthless waste of hills?”
The Siwash questions. The sad winds moan,
But make no answer. A robin trills,
The long night curtains the Klondyke sky,
And still they come, ship after ship,
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

A TOAST

To woman, source of every curse
And every comfort man endures,
You bring relief as well as grief;
What one has caused another cures.

TO BABY ASLEEP

God keep you, dearest, while the morning sun
Lights up the world and the world is bright;
And then at last, when the day is done,
God keep you, dearest, through the long, long
night.

God keep you, dearest, when the earth is gay
With singing birds and fields in bloom;
When summer's verdure fades away
God keep you, dearest, through the winter's
gloom.

God keep you, dearest, from day to day
Throughout this life. When I am dumb,
And when your fair form turns to clay,
God keep you, dearest, in the life to come.

A REPORTER'S REPORT

It was sometime in the P.M. of the fall of
'92,

I had cashed in the Creede Chronicle — had
nothing much to do.

I had seen the man of leisure who was loafing on
the street,

Who had every fad and fashion from his head
down to his feet,

And this prince was a reporter; so I shined my
Sunday shoes,

And went down to do the railroads for the
Rocky Mountain News.

Now the city man was Martin from McCullagh's
Democrat,

And he glanced above his glasses as I doffed my
derby hat —

I had owned a daily paper in the springtime of
that year

That had sunk ten thousand dollars; I had
nothing then to fear.

I had planned that in the morning I would dally
with the muse,

In the P.M. do the railroads for the Rocky
Mountain News.

“Well, ahem, ahem!” said Martin, clearin’ cob-
webs from his throat,
While the smoke from his Havana ’round my
face began to float,
“I presume that you’re in touch with the officials
here in town,
Having worked for them; however, I shall
have to send you down
To police court”; then he coughed again and
shed his overshoes,
“That’s included with the railroads on the
Rocky Mountain News.”

I assured him that the railroads, to my mind,
would be a snap;
I could talk about train orders, and could
write on lead and lap,
I could banquet with the president, or if I chose
could take
A turn down in the freight yards with the men
who twist the brake,
I could hobnob with the fireman while he augered
out his flues —
I could surely do the railroads for the Rocky
Mountain News.

“We’re a little bit short-handed — you will do
the county courts,
And this evening after dinner drift around
among the sports —

There's a prize fight down at Murphy's." Then
he paused and rubbed his head,

"That is all I have to say now," this encyclo-
pedia said.

I didn't say a word then, but I thought it beat
the Jews

The way they did the railroads on the Rocky
Mountain News.

I had buttoned up my overcoat, was headed for
the stair,

When the quidnunc's restless fingers wandered
through his wealth of hair.

I had reached the elevator when he called me
back and said:

"You will have to do the state house for the
state house man is dead."

My poor heart sank within me, but I couldn't
well refuse

Since it all went with the railroads on the
Rocky Mountain News.

"See the concerts at the churches in the early
eve," he said.

"Try and do Dean Hart's cathedral where an
heiress is to wed

An English dude from Dublin — Freeman won't
be here to-day.

You may write about a column on what old-
timers say

About the San Juan gold excitement — but
mind, we can't excuse
Any neglect of the railroads on the Rocky
Mountain News."

I was off. For ten long hours through the slush
and snow and sleet,
Up the stone steps at the state house, out
again and down the street,
Till I paused to feed at midnight — hit the bottle
till my soup
Seemed a sea of strange assignments — every
oyster was a scoop.
Mused on how the other papers would be bur-
dened with the blues
When they read about the railroads in the
Rocky Mountain News.

After lunch I wrote my copy, which told how
the Rio Grand
Had a good house, and the organ was wide
open working sand.
'Twas a cold day for the criminals who proceed
in wicked ways,
For they raided all the churches and the dean
got twenty days.
The soprano dropped her crown sheet, the police-
man warped his flues
Throwing in too much cold water, said the
Rocky Mountain News.

Big strike on the reservation, all the Navajos
went out;
How the toughs had met at Trinity to hear the
seconds shout,
All the preachers in their pulpits piling up their
little piles
On Jim Corbett. How the ladies down at
Murphy's blocked the aisles.

* * *

The next day I got a letter that would give a
man the blues:
"This is good, but we can't read it." Signed:
"The Rocky Mountain News!"

Now I view the proud reporter as he swiftly
sallies by,
A botbailed flush upon his cheek, a twinkle in
his eye.
He has my sincere sympathy — I do not want
his place.
I pine not for his twinkle, nor the flush upon
his face.
No matter what inducements, I invariably
refuse,
Since the day I did the railroads for the
Rocky Mountain News.

SUMMER'S GONE

Summer's gone. Ah, soon the sea
Will miss my summer love and me.

The soft sea-waves that used to float
Around her form and kiss her throat,
Will sigh and seek the shore, and then
Flow back into the gulf again.

The summer's gone.

Summer's gone. The robin's trill
Will soon be hushed, and o'er the hill
The aspen trees, in tints of gold,
Will shiver in the coming cold;
But when we part, how sweet 'twill be
To know that she's in love with me,
Tho' summer's gone.

THE POET AND THE PUBLISHER

The uncomplaining Poet lives
On air and dreams and things;
With eager ears the world receives
The happy songs he sings.

But when the Poet's strength is spent,
His hands lie on his breast,
The Poet's heirs get ten per cent —
The Publisher the rest!

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

Of all the precious gifts that daily shower
From out a gracious Heaven on this ungrateful
earth,
Thou gav'st the best, sweet mother, in that hour
When, by God's will, thou gav'st the Saviour
birth.

ADOWN THE DUSKY DELL

Behind the mossy mountain tip
 Sinks the setting sun,
Aslant the shade the swallows dip,
 The summer day is done.
The busy brook sings softly,
 Like the tinkling of a bell,
And still and gray the shadows lay
 Adown the dusky dell.

Across the silent summit steals
 The melancholy moon,
And up the vale and vegas comes
 The balmy breath of June.
Fraught with the sighs of summer,
 Now the softly gentle breeze,
With tender touch has come to comb
 The tresses of the trees.

MISUNDERSTOOD

“Poor little ring,” a woman said,
 “Twelve weary years! twelve to a day
Since thou wert given, and love is dead;
 He weeps alone, far, far away.
Ah! little present, can it be
 I loved him less than he loved me?”

“Poor withered rose!” a soldier said;
 “Once worn upon my lady’s breast;
She weeps alone where love lies dead,
 And I the truth have never guessed
Through all these years. Oh! can it be
 I loved her less than she loved me?”

GONE

Only a dream of you, only a dream,
All I can claim of you; yet it doth seem
That we are still sailing the same summer sea,
And that you are ever and always with me.

Only a dream of you, born in a day,
Full-blown and beautiful, fadeless away;
Things are not always the things that they
 seem, —
Spare me this dream of you, — beautiful dream.

Lift up the face of you, turn not away,
Bear but a moment and hear what I say,
When you drift onward, down Life's limpid
 stream,
Leave me this dream of you, — beautiful dream.

Waking, I walk with you; slumbering deep
I dream of you. O, when I wake from my sleep,
I grope for you, dear, in the dusk of the dawn
And find myself sobbing: "She's gone, she is
 gone!"

Cities I Have Seen

COLORADO SPRINGS

Here on the selvedge of the plain,
Where Pike's lone peak is towering tall;
Just where the shipless sun-dried main
Breaks on the rough, resistless wall;
Beyond a desert sea of sands
The city that I sing of stands.

Broad boulevards trend toward the hills,
Where from the shaded cañon springs
A balm for all our earthly ills;
And down the verdant valley sings
The joyous stream, through summer hours,
Through beds of fern and fields of flowers.

Above the city soars the lark,
And wakes the earth with joyous sounds;
Glad children playing in the park,
And lovers loitering through the grounds;
The sighing breeze and honey bees
Are drifting, droning through the trees.

JERUSALEM

How cheerless is the wind that sweeps
The hills of Galilee,
Where murmurless the Jordan creeps
Down to the deep Dead Sea.

O'er barren rocks the dead vines trail,
And by dead tendrils cling,
And on the hill and in the vale
There is no breath of spring.

The dying glance of Christ the King
Seems to have stayed and stilled
The voice of every living thing
Where Christ the King was killed.

The brooks, the birds that sang with them,
Have long since passed away,
And all about Jerusalem
The earth is dead to-day.

SALT LAKE

With awe I watch the sun go down
 Across the great Salt Lake;
The mountains don their golden crown,
The soaring seagulls circle 'round,
 The gentle billows break.

And when I scan what's made for man,
 To make his heart grow glad,
With wonderment my heart I hush;
I feel the flush of shame's hot blush,
 Because my soul is sad.

IN MONTREAL

The Bobsled to the Motor,
 As it choo-chooed to and fro:
"Comment ca va, old Honk-honk;
 How do you like the snow?"

It rained! the big red motor
 Was right there on the job:
"This leaves you on your uppers,"
 Said the Motor to the Bob.

CHEYENNE

Have you been to Cheyenne?

There's the loneliest place,
The drearest and searest
You'll find on the face
Of the earth. And hard by
Lieth Laramie town,
Once a camp of renown
As the home of Bill Nye.

Empty bottles and gravel,
And cactus and cans,
Broken vows and old hoops
Freight the hot wind that fans
The parched plain. Going back
To the bottle and can —
I was broke in Cheyenne.

Years after I sat
In the manager's car
As it slipped o'er the steel
Trail with never a jar,
And our train orders ran
Us by way of Cheyenne.

What a wonderful change
Had come over the place!
Oh, the women were fair.

There was one who had eyes
Just the hue of the skies;
And the low winds were soft,
And the things that we quaffed —
Well, we laid over there.

“ Ah, so much depends,”
I said, with a sigh,
As the hours flew by,
“ On a friend and his friends.
Say, Deuel, how can
We go 'way from Cheyenne?”

CAIRO

I had banqueted in Berlin, seen a festival in
Rome,
Had a midnight lunch in London and a heap o'
things at home;
But I never knew what life was 'till I lingered for
a while
Where they used to have a harem on the margin
of the Nile.

Where the swaying palm and pepper fling their
fragrance on the air,
And the moaning camel kneels to take the bur-
den he must bear,
Then, rising shakes his silver bells and shuffles
down the file,
Where they used to have a harem on the margin
of the Nile.

Here dreamy, dark-eyed maidens come to loiter
in the leaves
That begirth Gezerich Palace, where, like rain
from dripping eves,
Runs the ceaseless song of summer, for the
heavens seem to smile
Where they used to have a harem on the margin
of the Nile.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1894

There's a band of dusky damsels
From the Occidental Isles;
They are wily, wild and wooly,
But they wear such winsome smiles
That the high walls of the wigwam
Fairly echo with delight
When they do the Hula Hula,
And they dance it every night.

With an air of Eve-like innocence
That time has not effaced,
They wear no clothes, to speak of,
Save a reef around the waist
Made of sea-weeds; beads and bangles
And their sandals, limp and light,
When they do the Hula Hula,
And they dance it every night.

They're consigned to Colonel Cody;
They are going to the Fair,
With their smiles and troubled tresses
And whatever else they wear.
They have faded San Francisco,
And they're sure to hold the host
If they do the Hula Hula
As they dance it on the coast.

CREEDE

Here's a land where all equal —
Of high or lowly birth —
A land where men make millions,
Dug from the dreary earth.
Here meek and mild-eyed burro's
On mineral mountains feed.
It's day all day in the day-time,
And there is no night in Creede.

The cliffs are solid silver,
With wondrous wealth untold,
And the beds of running rivers
Are lined with purest gold.
While the world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed —
It's day all day in the day-time,
And there is no night in Creede.

DENVER

Denver, sunny Denver,
I know the skies are clear,
I know the winds blow gently
Although the leaves be sear;
I know the sunlight lingers
On mountain, hill and plain
'Round Denver, dear old Denver —
I'm going back again.

I know the oak and aspen
Are burning as of old,
I know the hills are changing
From summer green to gold;
The columbine and bluebell
Are numbered with the slain,
But Denver, dear old Denver —
I'm going back again.

IN SAINT PAUL

If you're ever left alone
In Saint Paul,
There's a "conversashiown"
There for all;
In the station, overhead,
When the shades of night have fled
And the sun is rising red,
O'er Saint Paul.

O, they're always going strong
In Saint Paul,
Where the victims wait along
Down the wall;
You can hear the beardies moan
As the vocalizers hone
At the conversashiown,
In Saint Paul.

Always, when a barber dies,
In Saint Paul,
And his comrades close his eyes,
Over all
You can hear the Union shout
As they pass him up the spout:
"Nother brother has talked out,
In Saint Paul!"

CRIPPLE CREEK

Where yesterday
We picked our way
'Mong trees where tangled timber lay
The happy hamlet stands to-day,

From every hill
Resounds the drill,
And where the frost has hushed the rill
We hear the music of the mill.

Where fierce and bold
The red man strolled
With painted face in days of old
The hills he touched have turned to gold.

AT JAFFA

High on the beach the breakers dance,
For the winds blow hard from the pyramids;
And over the sea, in sunny France,
A woman waits with tear-wet lids
While the waves roll high on the Syrian sand
And the ships go by, but never land.

Ah! cruel waves; they keep from me
Sweet messages from one most dear,
And all I see is the ruffled sea
With sand-soiled lace. All night I hear
The waves moan high on the Syrian sand,
But the ships go by and never land.

When the sea is high the ships go by,
When the sea is low there are no ships;
My heart runs down to my finger tips
And my hands stretch out o'er the drifted sand
But the ships go by and never land.

More or Less Personal

A TRIBUTE TO DR. DRUMMOND

A friend whose lips lie motionless,
Whose name I breathe, not without pain;
Yet, what rich gifts he left to us,
The cheerful children of his brain:
Leetle Batise, an Dieudonne,
Dose feller will not pass away!

You who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered, laughing late at night;
You will know why mine eyes are dim
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dare's won, he's frien', I'm not forget,
Dat small cure of Calumette.

Time rolls, and brings us frost and flowers
Set changes of the changeless years;
He passed 'mid early April showers
As tho' the world were moved to tears;
De Rosignol sing on an' on,
More sadder now 'cause he is gone.

He would not have his friends repine,
He fought and wrought and made a name.
His work — I'd gladly make it mine,
Believe, not for wealth or fame,
But just because he had to go
And leave it, when he loved it so.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH — B. W.

Beautiful woman with wondrous hair,
Beautiful ears half hidden there,
Beautiful eyes that seem to look
Into the world as an open book;
Beautiful hand with careless grace
Pillows your perfectly pictured face.

Beautiful windows of a sweet soul,
Over you lightly the slow years roll,
Beautiful heart, so tender and true,
Drawing the heart o' the world to you;
Wish I were great enough just to stand
By you, and breath you and touch your hand.

PAULINE

I know a woman,
The light of whose eyes,
Is like to the wonder
We see in the skies.

Whose lips seem to whisper:
"The rose is dew-pearled,
God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world."

ROBERT ELLIOT

We rambled where the river winds
By an abandoned mill;
Where forest flowers and northern pines
The air with fragrance fills.

A wild rose bloomed beside the trail,
A bird sang on a limb;
He whistled to a whistling quail,
The bird called back to him.

God set his soul and turned his song
And clarion-clear it rang;
He walked the woodland, summer long,
And with the song-birds sang.

He wandered on across the hill
Where death's dark shadow creeps;
The wild rose died, his voice is still,
And with the flowers he sleeps.

TO MRS. — FOR CHARITY

Dear friend, I should like to write something for
you,

But there's so little here in my head;
And life is so short and there's so much to do,
And the children are crying for bread;
There are stories for Munsey, McClure and
Success,
The Post, the Companion and others. I guess
For this time, a failure I'll have to confess,
For the children are crying for bread.

'Twere a pleasure to sing for the good of the
cause,

(But the children are crying for bread)
And I know in your house, I'd be sure of applause
If I knew just the thing to be said;
For the women are kind as the women are fair,
And their laughter is lighter than timberline air;
If I gave them a song, they would give me a
prayer,
But the children are crying for bread.

You know there are times when you can't do a
thing,

When the wheels whirl around in your head;
And you must know it's hard for a fellow to sing
With the children all crying for bread.

Though my lute may be mute, you will pray
understand,
I am with you in spirit all over the land,
And to you and your comrades, I'm kissing my
hand,
While the children are crying for bread.

BILL AND HY

Hy Ballsome was just one of us —
Sometimes he's better, sometimes wo'se;
Sometimes when he'd get hot, he'd cuss —
But he never got religion.

Bill Davis said to him: "'z Hy,
Where'll you be goin', by an' by;
You reckon you be fit to die?
You ain't got no religion!"

"Bill Davis, I been watchin' you,"
Says Hy, "an' when I learn to do
To others as they orto do,
I won't need no religion."

JIU-JITZU VS. HOCKEY

To T. R.

If you want to rear a nation
To be fit for future scraps,
Cut away this imitation
That you're taking from the Japs.
You can never win your battles
With these monkey-springs and squats —
To the Highlands and play hockey with the
Scots.

“Hoot, mon! Hoot!” says big Macdonald,
And MacWilliams answers, “Hoot!”
As he smashes Angus Campbell
On the apex of his snoot;
While the polished floor is freckled
By a score of crimson spots,
Ah! you're busy when you hockey with the
Scots.

Hear Macpherson's smothered curses
As his bosom swells with pride,
And the horses on the hearses
Paw the atmosphere outside
With the coroner and undertaker
Waiting on the spot
Oh you're strenuous when you hockey with a
Scot.

FRIENDSHIP

Doubtless, in dear old London,
If you were ever there,
You've looked on Nelson's monument
Down in Trafalgar Square;
Our Nelson has a monument
That higher still extends,
Stouter than stone, it's builded on
The friendship of his friends.

Sometimes this thing called friendship
Is likened to a tree
Among whose leaves on Summer eve's
The cooling winds blow free;
It shades the passing pilgrim
Whose weary way he wends,
A noble tree, it seems to me —
The friendship of our friends.

At other times this friendship
Is fashioned as a flower,
Whose sweet perfume pervades the gloom
Of many a weary hour;
Our smiles, as so much sunshine,
Will keep it fresh for years
If grief should come, in sorrow dumb
We lave it with our tears.

I like to liken friendship
Unto the Breath of Morn,
Fresh from the dewy uplands
And singing through the corn,
Or Flora, faring barefoot
With all her arms can hold;
A Peace-flag on the fortress,
A sunset full of gold.

And so your friends have fashioned
A monument so high,
Its base is hidden in our hearts,
Its top lost in the sky;
When, through the years that follow,
When sun or shower descends,
One thing is sure and will endure,
The friendship of your Friends.

TO NELSON E. W.
From his friends of the
New England Passenger Association.
Boston, Massachusetts,
December 21, 1910.

TO JULIAN RALPH, IN CHINA

When you drifted down the Pacific
Across the Atlantic I sped;
And when you dropped anchor at Hong Kong
I whistled down brakes at Port Said.

I came here in quest of the morning,
The cradle of day to behold;
You came here in search of the sunset
'Neath skies ever gilded with gold.

I swear my trail ends at the morning,
You say, "Here's the edge of the night";
Then where is the sunrise and sunset?
What jurist shall judge which is right?

Go back to the noonland, my brother,
That holds the half sphere you have known;
Come let us be frank with each other,
What land is as fair as our own?

TO J. W. S.

Great little man, whose name and fame
Shall reach from Pole to Pole;
I wonder how so slight a frame
Can cage so great a soul.

HIM

He will come back. The stress of things,
The Comet and the death of Kings
Eclipse him for a little space,
But he'll come back to his own place
On the front page — The Crackerjack —
He will come back.

He will come back again, and lo,
The Little Ones who think they know
The inner workings and the tricks
Of twentieth century politics
Will take their chapeaux from the rack
When he comes back.

HENRY PREW

A TOAST

Here's to you, Henry Prew,
Henry Prew, here's to you.
Happy Henry! May your skies be always blue;
Kindly, thoughtful, gentle-souled,
May your joys be manifold,
And your sunset full of gold,
Henry Prew.

FATHER J. C.

I know a man, whom God gives me to know,
And if I had met with him long years ago,
When the spirit was strong and the flesh near so
frail,
I might not have wandered so far from the trail.

But now that I know him, and since he knows
me,
He'll mark me and mind me, and when I'm at
sea
And storms beat against me, he'll watch on the
strand
To beckon and beacon me back to the land.

PS

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Warman, Cy

Songs

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